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Northern Messenger

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Wm Bronscombe 30:15

Easter Dawn.

Lucy Larcom, in the 'Standard.'

Break the joyful Easter dawn,
Clearer yet and stronger;
Winter from the world has gone,
Death shall be no longer!
Far away good angels drive
Night and sin and sadness;
Earth awakes in smiles, alive
With her dear Lord's gladness.

Roused by him from dreary hours
Under snow-drifts chilly—
In his hand he brings the flowers,
Brings the rose and lily.
Every little buried bud
Into life he raises;
Every wild-flower of the wood
Chants the dear Lord's praises.

Open, happy flowers of spring,
For the sun has risen;
Through the sky glad voices ring
Calling you from prison.
Little children, dear, look up!
Toward his brightness pressing,
Lift up, every head, a cup
For the dear Lord's blessing.

A Breath of Spring.

'Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come.—Cant. ii., 11, 12.

The winter is over, and spring is here,
The blossoming flowers on the earth appear,
They are scattering beauty everywhere,
For, oh, they are lovely and sweet and fair!

The winter is over, aye, over and gone,
And the time of the singing of birds is come.
Glad music is ringing in wood and dell,
The joyous notes that we love so well.
The winter is over, the spring is here

For a lonely heart in its grief and fear,
And the flowers of hope are blooming again,
For the storms have passed, and the chilling rain.

The winter is over, yes, over and past;
Glad songs of thanksgiving awake at last,
For the dark'ning clouds have all fled away
In the light and joy of spring's dawning ray.

The winter is over, now over and gone;
Sad heart, take courage, no longer mourn;
God's covenant mercies thro' wintry days
Have led to a spring time of joyous praise.
—C. P., in the 'Christian.'

The Date of Easter.

The annual changing of the date of Easter is a puzzle to many. In 1894 it was on March 25, and in 1905 on April 23. Some years it may be as early as March 23 and in others as late as April 25, a period of five weeks intervening between the earliest and latest dates on which the sacred festival may be held. Easter is always the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after March 21, and if the full moon falls on Sunday, March 21, Easter will fall on the following Sunday, March 28. It is arbitrarily ruled that the paschal full moon shall never fall later than April 18, although a consistent method of scientific computation and instrumental determination would make it sometimes fall on April 19.

The name Easter, like the names of the days of the week, is a survival from the old Teutonic mythology. It is derived from Eostre, or Ostara, the Anglo-Saxon goddess of spring, in whose honor the ancients held a festival every April. Seven movable feasts depend on Easter for the date of their annual recurrence. They are: Septuagesima Sunday, Ash Wednesday, Palm Sunday, and Good Friday, which precede it, and Ascension Day, Whitsunday, and Trinity Sunday, which follow it.—New York 'Tribune.'

An Easter Painting.

(Helen A. Hawley, in the 'C. E. World.')

It was Thursday of Passion Week. There were not many visitors at the National Gallery in London, only the few who must economize their time for sightseeing.

A young woman, who wandered aimlessly about, had not the alert air which characterizes the usual tourist. She was pale, with heavy eyes encircled by dark lines. She wore plain black; it might be mourning or it might not. She looked at pictures without seeing them. Sometimes she sighed audibly, recovering herself with a start. Her whole aspect was that of one in hopeless grief.

At some distance from her, two others took lively, intelligent interest in what they had come to see. They were evidently mother and daughter. The girl was not more than seventeen. Her sweet face changed rapidly with every impression, as she looked at the different works of art; yet she was not oblivious to her surroundings. More than once she sent a pitying glance to the sad young woman, who seemed like a restless, aimless spirit. At length, she spoke in a low tone, and the closing words were a question, 'May I, mother?'

The mother, doubtless not unused to her child's loving impulses, answered, 'Yes, dear.'

In a minute the girl had crossed the gallery, and was saying in a soft, entreating voice to the stranger: 'Pardon me, but have you noticed this painting?' She indicated 'The Raising of Lazarus,' by Sebastian del Piombo. 'Won't you look at it with me? It appeals to me much.'

The young woman at first drew herself up rather haughtily; but, seeing the girl's face so refined and almost timid in its entreaty, she answered, 'Since you wish it.'

They stood before the picture, and no word was spoken for some minutes. Slowly, as if forced to come, tears gathered in the sad eyes, eyes which saw, not the risen Lazarus, not the adoring sisters, not the startled crowd, but only the wonderful Christ, full of benignant power.

The woman's lips opened. 'It is possible!' she breathed. 'He can do it! He will do it for her, also. I suppose I believed it before; now I feel it.' She was speaking to herself, unconscious for the instant of any other presence. She looked long, and her face became illumined. Turning to her companion: 'You brought me to what I needed, and I thank you. But how could you know?'

The girl had stepped aside, not to see the other's emotion. She answered: 'I didn't know. I was so sorry for you. It came to me that I should feel as you looked if—if my mother—' She hesitated, and the young woman nodded.

'Mother is over there. Won't you meet her? She will comfort you.'

Together they crossed to where the older woman was waiting. A cordial hand-clasp was the only greeting.

'Come to our rooms with us,' said the motherly voice, 'for we cannot talk freely here. The invitation was frankly accepted. Sympathy, once admitted, was too sweet to be thrust out by one so utterly lonely. She told her story, short, and akin to many life stories.

'I have been in Germany,' she said, 'studying art, and news came that my mother was ill. I was hurrying home to see her; but in London the cablegram met me not to come, for mother had not waited. She had to go without—without staying for me. You can't think how dreadful it was. My faith slipped away. Easter seemed a horrid sarcasm, and I couldn't bear its approach. I was so miserably restless that I went to the gallery because I really couldn't stay by myself—not to look at anything. I thought everybody would be strangers, no one would know. When you asked me to look at the painting, I didn't care what I did, ner what became of me. It seemed as if I couldn't live over Easter. But that face of Christ, how full of glad power! It all came back to me when I looked—the faith which she taught me. We shall meet again, my mother and I. I can bear it now!'

She laid her head impulsively in the lap of the older woman, and her tears were full of healing.

'You shall stay with us over Easter Sunday,' said this other mother, stroking her hair; and the home-sick, soul-sick one breathed a low 'Thank you.'

If Easter morning dawned with hope to that despondent heart, it was because a young girl saw her opportunity, and was not too self-conscious to use it.

He who loves not, lives not; he who lives by the Life cannot die.—Raymond Lull.

'They Have Taken Away my Lord.'

So said Mary Magdalene in the garden of Joseph near by the cross on the first Easter morning. It was an explanation of her flowing tears and an answer to a question put by the shining angelic presences as to the reason of her weeping. She had come to the sepulchre very early in the morning, before the sun was fairly up, and bore spices with which to embalm the body of the Lord she loved. The absence of that body, even though it were lifeless, was loss enough to wound her loving heart and open anew the fountains of grief. So great was her gratitude for the redemption from sin brought to her by Jesus, that she coveted the boon of ministering to him even in his death, and to be disappointed in her intended service of love added fresh sorrow to her already bereaved soul.

If love undergoes such affliction in the removal merely of the lifeless physical form, how much sorer its loss and how much greater its bereavement where the Divine personality himself whose Saviourhood and Lordship animated and sanctified that material tabernacle snatched away!

The material body of our Lord was not greatly different from those of other men, but the person within that body was infinitely different, and it was the personality and life of Jesus that made him so dear to Mary and to every Christian disciple. He is not 'the chiefest among ten thousand,' but to a saved soul he is 'the chiefest' among all the millions of earth and all the hosts of the skies. There may be many angels as there are many men, but there is only one Saviour. There was, there is and there will be salvation in none other. As certain as man's greatest curse is sin, and as certain as man's greatest need is salvation from sin, so certain will it be that Jesus Christ, the Saviour, will be more precious to man than anyone else. Rob the world of him and its moral and spiritual sun is blotted out. Take Christ away from the Christian, and he is stripped of all that is most dear.

To commit this awful robbery of taking away the Christian's Lord, they are making preparation who seek to destroy devout and trustful faith in him, in his sinless life and character, in his atoning mission to the lost world, in his divine nature, in his transcendent birth, in his revelation of God, in his supernatural works, in his matchless words, in his sacrificial death and in his victorious resurrection. 'If Christ be not raised your faith is vain.' In raising his Son from the grave God put the seal of his approval upon the whole life and work of his Anointed, overwhelmed his enemies with defeat and laid a firm foundation for the faith of all ages. By that one miracle Jesus was 'declared to be the Son of God with power,' and his other miracles became credible, and man's hopes of immortality became assured. Discredit our Lord's rising from the dead and there is lost the supreme fact in his earthly life. With that gone, faith in his divinity, in his saving works and in his glorious Lordship would wane. With greater grief than Mary knew, the disciples of Jesus, despoiled of that which makes life 'worth while,' robbed of their dearest friend, their brightest hopes and their noblest inspirations, might repeat in inconsolable grief, 'They have taken away my Lord.'

Mary was fearful and sorrowful without real reason. No one had removed her Lord. She was mistaken. He was still there, nearer to her and more glorious than she knew. She

thought him dead, but he was alive; she looked for his inanimate body and grieved that it was gone, but it was gone only from the grave into resurrection life. No unbeliever and no school of men can now rob the world of its only Redeemer. He is risen above all fatal shafts, and lives and reigns and saves to-day as surely as he did nineteen hundred years ago. 'I am he that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore.'—Michigan 'Christian Advocate.'

Postal Crusade.

Since the appeal, some time ago, for contributions to renew Postal Crusade subscriptions to India that had fallen due, the following amounts have been received for that purpose:—

E. Sieveright, St. Camille, Que.	$5.00
Mrs. N. Rutherford, Sand Hill, Ont.	.40
Mrs. J. W. Green, Peterboro, Ont.	1.50
A Friend	7.50
A Friend, Otterburn, Que.	1.00
Wm. Quance, Elfrida, Ont.	2.25
A Working Mother	1.00
One Who Wishes to Help	.25
R. J. McCutcheon, Mono Centre, Ont	1.00
A Sister, Cranbrook, Ont.	2.00
Mrs. J. Robson, Telfer, Ont.	.75
J. G. Ross, Lenore, Man.	.25
Birdie Deirne, Saltford, Ont.	.20
Clara D. Hosker, Darrington, Wash.	1.00
J. S. S., Elgin, Man.	2.00
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Mrs. Wesley Steele, West Derby, Vt.	2.00
Mrs. Geo. Potts, Meyersburg, Ont.	1.00
Mrs. J. Carscadden, Russell, Ont.	1.60
S. Smypathy	5.00
Thos. Potter, Craigmont, Ont.	5.00
Wm. Fenton, Chatham, N.B.	.60
M. H. Leard, Tayon, P.E.I.	.30
M. M. H., Walkerton, Ont.	1.00
May Hart, S. Manchester, N.S.	.25
Mrs. A. Johnson, Swan Lake, Man.	.50
John Gibson, Mossley, Ont.	1.05

If a Man Die, Shall he Live Again?

Thine, O death, was the furrow; we 'cast therein the precious seed. Now let us wait and see what God shall bring forth for us. A single leaf falls—the bud at its axil will shoot forth many leaves. The husbandman bargains with the year to give back a hundred grains for the one buried. Shall God be less generous? Yet, when we sow, our hearts think that beauty is gone out, that all is lost. But when God shall bring again to our eyes the hundredfold beauty and sweetness of that which we planted, how shall we shame over that dim faith that, having eyes, saw not, and ears, heard not, though all heaven and all the earth appeared and spake, to comfort those who mourn!—Henry Ward Beecher.

Have you ever stopped to think that the most necessary thing in this world was Christ's resurrection? He could not be holden of death. A great many other things could be dropped out of human history. Caesar and all his conquests, the Roman Empire and all that flowed from it; the Reformation; you can drop anything else out of history except the resurrection of Christ.—Robert E. Speer.

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting eighty cents for two new subscriptions.

A Sunrise Prayer.

O God, to Thy keeping this day I commend me;
Both waking and sleeping in mercy defend me.
The radiance now gleaming through morning's bright portal,
Be type of the beaming of sunshine immortal.

. . .

May mine be the Christ-life, meek, gentle, and lowly,
Evading the world's strife, and following the holy.

—J. R. Macduff, D.D.

Put it in Your Bible.

Here is a handy table furnished by the 'Christian World,' which it would be well to cut out or copy for reference, in your Bible studies:

A day's journey was about twenty-three and one-fifth miles.

A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.

A cubit was nearly twenty-two inches.

A hand's breadth is equal to three and five-eighths inches.

A finger's breadth is equal to one inch.

A shekel of silver was about fifty cents.

A shekel of gold was $8.

A talent of silver was $538.30.

A talent of gold was $13,809.

A piece of silver, or a penny, was 13 cents.

A farthing was 3 cents.

A mite was less than a quarter of a cent.

An ephah, or bath, contained seven gallons and five pints.

The Boys as Missionary Enthusiasts.

It is nonsense to say that young men of 'the graduating age' cannot be kindled into enthusiastic missionary workers, and a noteworthy instance of a class of lively, intelligent boys organizing as missionary supporters is found in a Michigan Sunday-school. The nine boys organized under the lead of their teacher, with president, secretary and treasurer, in February, 1902, since which time they have raised thirty dollars annually to support Natha Ratna, an orphan boy in Nadiad, India. A letter tells of the enthusiasm manifested by the boys as follows:

'It was during the famine in India in 1897 and later that my heart was more deeply stirred than ever before on the subject of foreign missions. Being a reader of missionary papers kept the subject so constantly before my mind that it came to me, Why not do something to help save at least one of those starving children, and lead him to the Saviour? But, not being able to spare enough to support one myself, the thought came to me, 'Why not see if your class won't help you?' So I talked with them of what was in my heart, and asked them to think it over seriously, and, when we talked of it the next time, every one of the nine then members of the class was willing to do his share. Our first thought was to have just the Sunday-school class to support the child, without any particular organization. But a few of them wanted to organize it into a young men's foreign missionary society, so we met and organized, and they made me president of the society. We have several new members this year, and all are deeply interested. We meet the first Tuesday of each month, in the evening, and open the exercises with Scripture reading and prayer. Then we have roll call and business, and each member is requested to bring some item of interest to our work, or articles to read. We send $7.50 every three months, and hear quite often from our "boy," as we call him. His Indian name is Natha Ratna, and our name for him is Dwight L. Moody. He is twelve years old, and doing well. We are praying for his conversion, and intend to support him till he is able to go among his own people and teach them of our Christ. It did not take long to get my boys interested. All I had to do was to show them the pictures of the starving, and tell them the awful story of misery and woe, and of the work being done by Christians for their relief. And then, when I had aroused them to what they might do, I made my plan plain to them, and they have done nobly, some even suggesting that we might support two. All money is raised by voluntary contribution.'—'Christian Herald.'

Boys and Girls,

Show your teacher, your superintendent or your pastor, the following 'World Wide' list of contents.

Ask him if he thinks your parents would enjoy such a paper.

If he says yes then ask your father or mother if they would like to fill up the blank Coupon at the bottom of this column, and we will send 'World Wide' on trial, free of charge, for one month.

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The following are the contents of the issue of April 8, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

City Government—By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L., in the 'Independent,' New York.
The Changed Equilibrium in Europe—The Springfield 'Republican.'
Some Political Effects of the Russian Collapse—The 'Spectator,' London.
What Japanese Ladies are Doing—Extracts from an Article by the Marchioness Oyama, in 'Collier's Weekly.'
Newfoundland Retaliates—The 'Sun,' New York.
Strange Accident in New York—The Providence 'Journal.'
Morality (half and Whole—The 'Outlook,' New York.
Eleven Yachts to Race—Emperor's Prize Attracts British, German and American Yachtsmen—The 'Sun,' New York

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The Garcia Centenary—World-Wide Tributes—The 'Morning Post,' London.
Elgar on Music—The Manchester 'Guardian.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

April—Poem, by William Watson.
Evening Rain—Poem, by John Vance Cheney, in the 'Atlantic Monthly.'
The First Plowing—Poem, by Charles G. D. Roberts, in the 'Youth's Companion.'
The Literature of House-moving—'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
The Child Who Died at Seventy—The 'Sun,' New York.
Letters of John Ruskin to George Eliot Norton—The 'Spectator,' London.
On Short Cuts—G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Daily News,' London.
Charles Wagner's Appeal—The Springfield 'Republican.'
The Rowfant Library Bought—The New York 'Evening Post.'
The Rowfant Books—The New York 'Evening Post.'
Christ's Appeal to the Heroic Note—Sermon by the Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, in the Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

A Shortened School Day—The 'Globe and Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
Supt. Maxwell Considers Reduction in Hours Unwise—The 'Times,' New York.
The Heavens in April—By Henry Norris Russell, Ph. D., in the 'Scientific American.'
An Iron Mountain—The 'Leisure Hour.'
Science Notes.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

Easter Wishes.

'May the glad dawn
Of Easter morn
Bring holy joy to thee.

'May the calm eve
Of Easter leave
A peace divine with thee.

'May Easter Day
To thine heart say:
"Christ died and rose for thee."

'May Easter night
On thine heart write:
"Oh, Christ, I live for thee."'

—Selected.

Ben Joyce's Hymn.

(William Rittenhouse, in the 'Wellspring.')

'Stop that,' growled Simons; 'ef you're goin' to work alongside of me, Joyce, you kin sing baddalds,' or you kin keep your mouth shut. I don't want no hymns. A crawlin', sneakin', mean set of hypocrites—that's what church folks are, with their singin' 'nd prayin' 'nd all. I know 'em, 'nd I've no use for 'em, 'nd you'd better keep away from 'em, too.'

'But I'm one of the "church folks" myself, Simons,' said Ben Joyce. 'I sing in the choir, and that's why I'm practicin' the Easter hymns between times.' He smiled frankly at the older man.

'Well, you kin sing in the choir, ef you're fool enough. But you'll not sing hymns here, I tell you. I don't believe in God, or heaven, or hell, or any of the rest of it. If you begin your hymn singin', I'll let loose on my swearin'. They do say I know how, 'nd I guess they're right. But ef you'll start a good ballad, I don't mind joinin' in.'

'I don't want to start anyone takin' the name of the Lord in vain,' Ben said, slowly. ''Twould hurt you a great deal worse than my singin' would help me. So I'll not sing hymns while you're round, Simons. But as for singin' the kind of ballads I've heard round this place, I'd rather cut my tongue out,' he added, with emphasis, striking away at the coal with his pick.

'Suit yourself,' said Simons; 'ef you'll not sing ballads, 'nd I'll not stand hymns, we'll have to do without singin' at all, I guess. You're too smart to be taken in by the preachers. I've got some books at home, 'nd I'll lend 'em to you. Ingersoll wrote 'em, 'nd after you read 'em you'll not be in no church choir long, Ben Joyce.'

'I don't want 'em, thank you,' said Ben, stoutly. 'I'll ruther read the Bible, if it's all the same to you.'

'The Bible!' cried Simons. 'Bah!' and he launched forth into a string of blasphemous assertions, mingled with oaths, that almost made Ben's hair rise on end. There was evidently no use in answering or arguing with such a rabid atheist. Ben silently plied his pick, and silently lifted up his heart in prayer for patience.

But Simons had found his theme. He broke forth at intervals, all that day and again on the next, against religion. Ben, pondering upon it, had a gleam of insight on the second day, and said suddenly and shrewdly:

'Simons, why did you backslide?'

The question went home. 'Who ever told'—his companion began, then stopped short. Ben said no more; neither, after that, did Simons. They worked ahead steadily, and the coal lay loosened in great heaps on the ground beside them.

It had been raining in torrents since the afternoon before, but down in the shafts and galleries, of course, no murmur of the storm could penetrate. But suddenly, as the afternoon wore on, Ben heard a queer rushing, sucking noise, and then a confused cry in the galleries beyond, nearer the shaft. 'What's that?' he cried. Simons turned and listened.

'Sounds mighty queer,' he said, sharply. 'Water—that's what it is—water!' He grasped Ben's arm. 'I've always been afraid of that creek. Ef it's flooded the shaft, we're dead men, Joyce, every one of us in this mine!'

Before the words were out of his mouth, Dick Jarvis, one of the trackmen, came running in, his face ghastly pale under its grime as the light of the miner's lamp fell on it.

'The shaft's full of water,' he cried. 'It's roaring down it. The lower gallery is full. God help whoever's in it.'

He looked wildly round the dark niche of the coal chamber. 'Where can we go, Simons? How can we get out?'

'We can't go anywhere, nor get out any way,' said the miner, grimly, dropping Ben's arm. 'We're at the end of this upper gallery, the highest in the whole mine. If the water keeps comin' down the shaft, it's all up with us—that's all.'

Jarvis trembled, and leaned against the wall. 'Jim White tried to get up the ladders,' he said, 'but the water caught him. There was three of us, at the shaft, started to run, but the others went up the old gallery.'

'They got to safety, then,' said Simons. 'What about the old drift? Ef the water isn't too deep in the gallery yet to wade through, we might get out that way, ourselves.'

'The ground's fell in, all round there,' replied Jarvis, hopelessly. 'The water wuz comin' down, 'nd it kinder banked up the air 'nd gas, 'nd it made like an explosion, tearing the ground up. White wuz up that way, 'nd that's why he came runnin' to the ladders in the shaft—but the water swep' him away like a chip—poor Jim!'

Ben walked down the gallery a little way. The water was creeping up, only an inch deep, but rising rapidly. He rushed back, and took up his pick. He and Simons had already cut well into the coal at the farther end of the chamber, in a sharp upward slope. A ledge of shale had bothered them, jutting out above the coal.

'Cut out a foothold on the ledge, Simons,' Ben directed. 'That'll give us five feet more of a chance.' He went to work, and Simons drove his pick hastily beside him, while Jarvis toiled away frantically with his hands and the hook of his lamp. Luckily, the coal above the shale was crumbly, and desperate men work more quickly than seems possible. The black, cold water rose to their feet, to their ankles, to their knees; their ears sang with the pressure of the air, forced up by the flood and compressed in this narrow gallery end; the earthy, rank smell of the water rose about them; their lamps flickered, but the picks only rose and fell faster and faster. Ben clambered onto the widening ledge, and Simons followed; then they pulled Jarvis up, the water already above his waist. The ledge was hardly large enough to hold them, crouching side by side. The water rose, rose, slowly, steadily, touched the bottom of the ledge, came to their very feet—and then stayed. Ten minutes passed, during which Joyce held his light out over the black, sullen water again and again. Then he replaced it in his cap.

'It's stopped,' he said, 'We've got a fighting chance.'

'What chance?' cried Jarvis. 'It would take a month to cut through to us from the outside, and longer than that to pump out the mine—and who's to know we're here?'

Ben took his pick, and began knocking up against the wall back of them. Then, lifting up his voice, he sang, at its full strength, the Easter hymn that had so stirred the anger of Simons a few hours before. Simons said nothing now, and Jarvis eagerly caught up the refrain, in a rough bass.

'If they're searching,' he said, ''nd likely they are, they might hear that from the old shaft. Anyhow, a hymn does no harm, the way we are.' Jarvis was one who did not go to church, but respected religion, especially when he was in danger.

But no one heard. The hours dragged on; the black water slept at their feet, neither rising nor falling an inch. Whether it was night or morning they did not know. At intervals Ben sang the hymns he knew best, tapping in unison on the wall with his pick, and Simons crouched silently beside him, while Jarvis joined in. All at once, the latter clutched Ben. 'Listen—listen!' he cried, and far, far away, a sound as of a tap on the wall was heard, and repeated, distinctly, as they all listened.

'They've heard us,' said Jarvis, eagerly. 'But they're far away—may be the old shaft is farther than I thought.'

'Our lamps are going out,' said Simons, grimly, 'and we've not been here half a day. They can't reach us under a week, from that far away.' Then he said no more, relapsing into silence, as if he had no hope, and cared nothing for the outcome.

Continued far-off tapping could now be heard. Evidently the pickmen of the rescuing party were at work. The lamps in the caps of the three went out for lack of oil, and all was dark. Jarvis curled up closer and sank off to sleep, snoring loudly. Ben, uplifted by the thought that friends were toiling to reach them, began to sing, softly, the hymn he loved best, 'Rock of Ages.' In the dark, he felt a hand laid, trembling, on his arm.

'Don't sing that,' said a shaken voice—Simons's voice. 'I can't stand it, Joyce—I can't stand it.'

Ben stopped, astonished. The hand remained on his arm, and the voice went on. 'I may as well tell you. I feel, since we've been shut up here, that I'm shut up here to die—to meet my God. The rest of you deserve to live, I don't. Joyce, I was once a Christian man. I had a good wife—I've sat with her and sung that hymn—it was her favorite—many a time, and meant every word of it. But I fell into temptation, and I broke God's law, and broke her heart, too. She died while I was off among bad company. They sang that hymn at her funeral, but I hardened my heart against it—against the memory of her—against God. I've been worse than an unbeliever ever since. But now I'm face to face with the end—and with God. I'm not going into eternity, Joyce, with a lie on my lips. What I told you to-day wasn't so. I do believe in a God—a just God—and I want to say so.'

'He is just,' said Ben; 'he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, Simons.'

'No, no!' cried Simons. 'I'm not fit to be forgiven—don't speak to me of that. It's fair I should be punished. I ought to be.'

Ben said no more, for Jarvis stirred and woke. The far-away picks worked on, the slow hours dragged in the foul-smelling dark. They had no food, no light, no chance to move from their cramped position. Before another

day passed, Jarvis became half delirious from fatigue and bad air. To sooth his wanderings, and to keep up his own courage, Ben sang the old hymns over and over again. When, in the darkness, he was singing the last verse of 'Just as I am,' a faltering voice joined his, and then broke down.

'I ain't fit to sing it,' said Simons, gasping, 'but seems as if I had to. I can't live to show folks I'm a Christian again, and I'm no good—just a dyin' sinner. Such as I am, Lord, be merciful to me a sinner. But ef I only had a chance to do something for him, Joyce, I'd feel better!'

His chance came, later, when Ben, too, grew light-headed. With infinite patience, Simons tended the two other men, holding Jarvis in his arms like a child to keep him from plunging into the water and drowning himself in his delirium, and wrapping his own coat round Ben when he went from a fever into a chill of exhaustion. The tapping of the picks drew nearer, and even nearer. How long had it been—two days, two weeks, a month? Simons' mind, too, began to grow confused. He steadied it by repeating over to himself the hymns, the Bible verses, he remembered, and he was thus whispering over the Twenty-third Psalm when the rescuers reached the spot, and strong arms lifted the three starving, exhausted sufferers into light and safety.

It was broad daylight, and the bells were ringing in the little church across the valley. The young minister was not there, however; he was at the mouth of the old shaft, as grimy a worker as any, helping bear the rescued men into the sunshine. Ben Joyce, reviving, looked up at him. 'It's Easter day, Joyce,' said the minister, 'and we'll have you singing in the choir to-night.'

Ben plucked feebly at Simons' sleeve. 'You'll sing, too,' he said; and Simons nodded, while the Easter sun lit up their faces, white with the wanness of the shadow of death, with its glow of gladness and of resurrection. For that day a soul had been dead, was alive again, and, having been lost, was found.

The Egg Feast.

Germany has given us many pretty customs—the Christmas tree, the egg feast and the decorated Easter egg. The first egg feast of which we have any record occurred many hundred years ago in a mining village in the Harz mountains. According to one account, a countess was driven from her home by the cruel exigencies of war, in the night, with her two little children. A faithful serving man took them to his home and his people in this village nestled high in the Harz mountains.

The woman, whose name was Frau Rosalinda von Linderburg, received much kindness from these humble folk, but she missed many of the luxuries of her former state. She was particularly fond of eggs, and these were not to be got. Strange as it may seem, there were no hens in Germany in those days, or but a few imported at great expense from the far east and owned by the very rich. At the earnest request of the countess her host visited her home, which he found burned to the ground, and carried away under cover of darkness a few chickens that were roosting in the trees about the ruins. The peasants had never seen such 'strange birds;' the eggs they laid surprised them, and the brood of downy chicks hatched from the eggs filled them with astonishment and pleasure. But the good countess prepared a still greater surprise and pleasure for her kind friends.

Easter morning, after the religious service the countess gathered all the children of the village about her, and talked to them, and told them stories, and then sent them away into the grove to play, to build nests, as if they were birds, while a feast of milk soup and cooked eggs and egg cakes was made ready at her cottage for them. She had made a feast a few days before for the housewives, giving them to eat of new dishes in which eggs were used, and presenting to each guest at her departure several fowls to take home with her. But Easter was for the little ones.

Well, when the children had eaten their fill of the good things of the feast, they heard strange little cluckings and peepings and cooings in the grove, and they ran out and found in each nest five beautiful eggs, all different colors, with texts and mottoes on them. There was great fun, laughing and comparing of nests and conjecture where they came from, and what hen could lay such beautiful eggs. One little girl, seeing a hare jump out from behind a bush, declared it was he laid the Easter eggs. The children all believed it, and so came the association of the hare with the colored eggs.—Exchange.

The Best Part.

A touching little incident is told by Amos R. Wells in the 'Christian Age.' A little ragged boy was looking at a picture of Christ in a shop window. 'Who is he?' asked a gentleman, stepping up and pointing to the picture. 'Why, don't you know?' said the boy, shocked at such ignorance. 'That's Jesus,' he said, and told the beautiful story. At the close his voice became an awed whisper: 'And they crucified him, mister! They crucified him.' The gentleman was turning away, greatly pleased and profoundly moved, when the ragged boy called after him: 'Stop, mister! I didn't tell you the best part. He rose again, mister, he rose again!'

Hans Christian Andersen.

(Eleanor Robinson, in the 'Educational Review,' St. John, N.B.)

On April 2, 1805, one hundred years ago, in the town of Odense, in Denmark, there was born a child who lived to make his name honored and loved wherever there were children. This was Hans Christian Andersen, the author of the 'Fairy Tales,' or 'Wonder Stories,' which are read by children nearly all over the world. When he was over sixty years old he was invited to go back to the town where he was born, which he had left when a lad, and the people there made a great celebration in his honor. The town was beautifully decorated, all the schools had a holiday and the children sang a welcome. Some of the lines of this song are as follows:

'Thanks for every hour we've had
Round the table he makes glad.
The lamp burns bright while mother sews,
And father reads what every one knows,
Prince and Princess, King and Queen,
Forth they come upon the scene;
Dance the elves, the troll alarms,
Tin soldiers stand, and shoulder arms.
With fairy shoes thy feet were shod,
And so in royal homes they trod;
While still thy name the children know
Wherever Tuk and Ida go.
Take, thou poet of the children's play,
Take the youngsters' thanks to-day.'

Children in many countries besides his own have had reason to thank Hans Christian Andersen for the beautiful stories he has told them. These stories are so different that there is something to suit everyone. Some of them, like 'The Mermaid,' tell us stories of the sea; others like 'The Snow Queen' and 'What the Moon Saw,' carry us away to distant lands; sometimes they are stories of toys, as 'The Constant Tin Soldier,' and 'The Top and the Ball;' or of the droll doings of elves and goblins in woods and caves, as in 'The Elf-Hill;' sometimes they tell of cunning tricks that men played on each other, as in 'Great Claus and Little Claus;' and again of the everyday life of children, their games and lessons and dreams. Some are sad and some are merry; some are very simple, and others have serious and beautiful meanings. The best known to English-speaking children are probably 'The Ugly Duckling' and 'The Little Match Girl.'

Andersen had a very interesting and happy life. It is true that he was very poor when he was young, and had some hard struggles and heavy disappointments; but he had a hopeful, happy temper and many kind friends; he travelled about a great deal and saw many countries and people; and he was full of pride and pleasure in his work and the fame it brought him.

We will read a little about his life in his own words:

'My life is a lovely story, happy and full of incident. If, when I was a boy, and went forth into the world poor and friendless, a good fairy had met me and said, "Choose now thy own course through life, and the object for which thou wilt strive, and then, according to the development of thy mind, and as reason requires, I will guide and defend thee to its attainment," my fate could not even then have been directed more happily, more prudently, or better. The history of my life will say to the world what it says to me,—There is a loving God who directs all things for the best.'

Andersen's father was a poor shoemaker, who had been saddened by poverty and disappointment. He was very clever and fond of books, and read a great deal to his little boys from plays and stories and from the Bible. He died when Hans Christian was still quite young, and the child was left much alone, for his mother went out washing. A kind neighbor lent him books; he read Shakespeare, and wrote some tragedies of his own. One of these was about a king and queen, and because he thought it not right that such great persons should talk like ordinary people, he made a new language for them by taking words from German, French and English and putting them into Danish speeches. He also wrote and recited short poems. His mother wanted him to be a tailor, but his wish was to be an actor, and when he was fourteen he determined to go to Copenhagen to seek his fortune.

'I wept and I prayed, and at last my mother consented, after having sent for a so-called wise woman out of the hospital, that she might read my future fortune. "Your son will become a great man," said the old woman, "and in honor of him Odense will one day be illuminated.' My mother wept when she heard that, and I obtained permission to travel.'

He passed two years in Copenhagen, studying singing and hoping to become an actor. He went on writing, trying to imitate Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott.

'The fictitious name which I took seems at first sight a great piece of vanity, and yet it was not so, but really an impression of love,—a childish love, such as the child has when it calls its doll by the name it likes best. I loved William Shakespeare and Walter Scott, and, of course, I loved myself also, and so I assumed the name "William Christian Walter."'

Some kind friends now sent him to a grammar school at Slagelse, near Copenhagen. Though he was seventeen, he knew, he says,

nothing at all, and his place was in the lowest class among the little boys. He studied hard, his teachers were kind, and he made good progress. He afterwards studied in Copenhagen, and passed well in examinations in classics and mathematics. At twenty-three he began to publish some of his writings.

'At Christmas I brought out the first collected edition of my poems which met with great praise. I liked to listen to the sounding bell of praise, I had such an overflow of youth and happiness. Life lay bright with sunshine before me.'

In 1830, Andersen entered upon one of the greatest delights of his life—travelling. Later on, he says,—'Travelling-life is like a refreshing bath to my spirit and body.' His first travels were around the coast of Denmark in a steamboat, which was then a very wonderful thing. The next year he went to Germany and saw mountains for the first time. He tells us that from 1829 he supported himself by his writings, but it was very hard work. He wrote poems, operas, travels, and one novel, 'The Improvisatore,' and it was not until 1835 that the first part of the 'Wonder Stories' was published. In this volume Andersen told in his own words old stories which he had heard as a child. He was afraid that learned people would think the style too simple, so he called them 'Wonder Stories told for Children,' though he intended them to be for both old and young. There was one story in this volume, 'Little Ida's Flowers,' that he had invented himself, and as that one seemed to be the favorite with his readers, he went on inventing new tales. After this, one or two new stories came out every Christmas. 'Before long no Christmas tree could exist without my stories.' It became the fashion to tell them from the stage and 'The Constant Tin Soldier,' 'The Top and the Ball,' and 'The Swineherd' were well received.

'They met with open doors and open hearts in Denmark; everybody read them, and they were received with the greatest favor. I felt a real anxiety in consequence, a fear of not being able to justify afterwards such an honorable award of praise. A refreshing sunshine streamed into my heart; I felt courage and joy.'

The stories were translated into most European languages, and wherever Andersen went, in Germany, France, Italy, Austria, England—he found that they were known and loved. Sometimes he heard them read aloud in a foreign language, and often he was called upon to tell them himself, more than once before kings and queens. Once while travelling in Germany a friend took him into a strange house where there were a number of children. As soon as Andersen's name was mentioned the children gathered round him. He told them one story and then was hurried away.

'Only think,' said his friend proudly, 'the children are full of Andersen and his stories; he suddenly makes his appearance among them, tells one of them himself and then is gone! vanished! That is of itself like a fairy tale to the children, that will remain vividly in their remembrance.'

It was not only children who heard his recitals and readings with pleasure. It was said that the 'Wonder Stories' were set in the best light when he read them himself. The first time that he read them in public in Copenhagen, he spoke a few words that show us how seriously he considered them:

'In England, in the royal navy through all the rigging, small and great ropes, there runs a red thread, signifying that it belongs to the crown; through all men's lives there runs also a thread, invisible indeed, that shows we belong to God.

'To find this thread in small and great, in our own life and in all about us, the poet's art helps us, and it comes in many shapes.

'In the earliest times the poet's art dealt most with what are called Wonder Stories; the Bible itself has inclosed truth and wisdom in what we call parables and allegories. Now we know all of us that the allegory is not to be taken literally by the words, but according to the signification that lies in them, by the invisible thread that runs through them.

'We know that when we hear the echo from the wall, from the rock, or the heights, it is not the wall, the rock, or the heights that speak, but a re-sounding from ourselves; and so we also should see in the parable, in the allegory that we find ourselves—find the meaning, the wisdom and happiness we can get out of them.

'So the poet's art places itself by the side of science, and opens our eyes for the beautiful, the true, and the good; and so we will now read here a few Wonder Stories.'

Among the many friends that Andersen made in his travels two of the most famous were Jenny Lind the great singer, and Charles Dickens.

He met Dickens on his first visit to England, in 1847, and they were friends at once. When Andersen returned to Copenhagen he wrote a little book of seven short stories and dedicated it to Dickens, who wrote in return:

'Your book made my Christmas hearth very happy. We are all enchanted by it. The little boy, the old man and the Tin-soldier are especially my favorites. I have repeatedly read that story, and read it with the most unspeakable pleasure.

'Come again to England, soon! But whatever you do, do not stop writing, because we cannot bear to lose a single one of your thoughts.'

Ten years later, Andersen visited Dickens at his home in England, where, he says, the happy days fled all too quickly. He loved England, and the kindness he received there was grateful to him. Once in Rome he read the story of 'The Ugly Duckling' to some English and American children, 'with unpardonable boldness, in English, which I did not know very well.'

On that same visit to Rome, he met Mrs. Browning and the Norwegian poet Björnson, and they both wrotes verses in his praise. Björnson says:

'A traveller from that wonder land,
Thou bringest tidings in thy hand
Of winter dreams by northern lights
The pranks of the woods in their fancy flights;
Aye, of a place so far away
That folks and beasts together play,
And the veriest flower
Will talk by the hour
So plain that a child its meaning can say.'

The later years of Andersen's life were especially happy. He wrote, travelled, and everywhere received admiration and affection. And when he was getting to be an old man, the wise woman's words came true, and Odense was illuminated in his honor. He was presented with the honorary citizenship of the city, and all the people united to welcome and applaud him. He looked back with gratitude on the days when he had left his native town to begin the struggle of life. He said, 'This festival comes to me as a wonder story; but I have indeed learned that life itself is the most beautiful wonder story.'

He died in Copenhagen, Aug. 8, 1875.

To Find Easter.

'Thirty days hath September,'
Every person can remember;
But to know when Easter's come
Puzzles even scholars some.

When March the twenty-first is past
Just watch the silvery moon,
And when you see it full and round
Know Easter'll be here soon.

After the moon has reached its full
Then Easter will be here
The very Sunday after
In each and every year.

And if it hap on Sunday
The moon should reach its height,
The Sunday following this event
Will be the Easter bright.

—Selected.

Apple Blossoms for Easter.

Have you ever tried having apple blossoms for Easter? The Boston 'Congregationalist' tells of a resident of New England, who, when the ground was buried in snow, broke off a branch from an apple tree while driving past an orchard. Coming home he placed it in a jar of water in a warm room. Its buds soon swelled, then leaves unfolded, and while the snow still lies deep in the orchard, the branch is laden with fragrant apple blossoms.

Any boy or girl who wishes to have apple blossoms on Easter might try this experiment next year. He can thus surprise his pastor or Sunday-school teacher with something rare and interesting for this happy season.—'Ram's Horn.'

Buried Money.

(Isabelle Ecclestone Mackay, in the 'Endeavor Herald.')

Old Curmudgeon believed in the goodness of Christ, but not in the goodness of Christians. He held this belief not because he had never met a good Christian but because he had met many bad ones. When he came across a really righteous man in the church of Christ he concluded that he was there by accident only, and would have been as good, probably better, out of it. But when he found a real, first-class hypocrite! Ah, then he smacked his lips and said with keen relish, 'I told you so!'

Old Curmudgeon was a self-made man; he was not a millionaire and he was not a stock-broker; he did not own a sweat shop or tenement houses in a large city; but he was very wealthy and people thought well of him. It would not be saying too much to add that he thought rather well of himself. Like most men of this stamp of character he had an aim in life, but, unlike them, his aim was not money, politics, nor even social success—his aim in life was Bessie.

Bessie, at the time of our story, was twelve years old, and her father's pet and idol. For twelve years Old Curmudgeon had lived for her, worked for her, saved for her, and kept up a bowing acquaintance with Mrs. Jones Van Jones for no other reason than that some day she might recognize his daughter. 'What an unselfish man!' you cry. Well, perhaps, though there were not wanting those of a contrary opinion. Among the latter may be numbered Miss Wilson and Miss Watson, who on this particular April morning are awaiting in the drawing-room of Curmudgeon Place an interview with the owner.

'They say he is awfully stingy,' whispered Miss Wilson uneasily; 'saves it all up for his daughter, they say.'

'Sometimes they say wrong,' replied Miss Watson.

'Miss Smart didn't get anything, though,' sighed Miss Wilson.

'Oh, but that's different,' smiles Miss Watson. 'Here he comes. Now, you do the asking, for I won't.'

Old Curmudgeon was not a ladies' man, but he was very kind to the ladies. Miss Wilson and Miss Watson were not better treated all the way down their subscription list. He did not grow suddenly into a violent hurry when he noticed their subscription paper; he did not become gently affable and vaguely request them to call again; he did not even intimate that his sympathies and his purse were interested in other schemes of charity; what he gave, he gave cheerily—but it was a very small gift. After some interesting conversation about the weather Miss Wilson ventured to remark upon its extreme smallness—in a very polite way, of course. She thought it her duty, but expected to be snubbed. Instead, she was treated to a smile.

'Yes, my dear lady, yes,' said Old Curmudgeon, genially, coming himself with them into the hall; 'from your point of view it is small, certainly, but you see it is a matter of principle. There is Bessie, and she must be provided for. The money is all hers and I am her trustee; that's how I look at it; and there's not very much when you come to think of Europe and education and dress and all the things I want Bessie to have when she grows up. So I never give much of it away—no, no, charity begins at home; Bessie must be provided for.'

'I thought,' ventured Miss Watson gently, 'that we are trustees for God.'

'Well,' said Old Curmudgeon, pleasantly, 'and how do you make that out?'

'Why, doesn't it say somewhere in the Bible that the Lord gives and the Lord takes away?'

'Well, my dear young lady,' laughed Old Curmudgeon, opening the door for her, 'when you have worked as hard for your money as I have for mine, you won't talk so much about having it given to you; now, if I had been born to it, or struck a gold mine! But when a man for fifty years has given thought and strength and effort night and day—well, he's rather earned his cash to my thinking. Fine day? Yes—good afternoon.'

'It took my breath away,' said little Miss Watson a moment later when she and her companion found themselves upon the pavement, 'or I might have asked him where he got his brain and his strength and his energy, but one never thinks of these things till afterward.'

'And it's too late afterward,' sighed big Miss Wilson.

When Old Curmudgeon was left alone in the hall he stuck his hands in his pockets and laughed. 'Well, well,' he said to himself, 'what ideas the ladies do get anyway,' and still smiling he turned down the hall toward the schoolroom and Bessie.

Bessie Curmudgeon was a very pretty child, and, as would be naturally expected, a rather spoiled one. In her father's eyes, however, she pas perfect and a great beauty. He thought that could he live to place his diamonds in that wavy, dusky hair and around that snowy neck, and see the pride of conquest in those dancing eyes and the flush of conscious beauty on that soft cheek, he could die and call himself satisfied.

As he entered the schoolroom that afternoon Bessie flung down the book she was reading with a gesture of impatience. 'I'm sure I don't see where her wonderful goodness came in,' said she spitefully.

'What's the mater now, Bess?' asked her father, kissing her.

'Oh, it's that Eva,' said Bessie; 'all the girls just rave about "Uncle Tom's Cabin." I like Topsy, but I think Eva was just too selfish for anything. Why did she want to be telling her father all the time that she was going to die? She just made his life miserable.'

'Perhaps she wished to prepare her pa for his bereavement,' suggested the governess.

Bessie shrugged her shoulders and yawned. 'I don't enjoy anything very much to-day,' she said; 'my head aches.'

'The room is too warm,' said her father, throwing open the window. 'But where did you get "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Bessie? I don't remember buying it for you. I hope you didn't borrow it. You know you have only to ask for anything you want.'

'I want to be like other girls sometimes,' said Bessie sulkily. 'It isn't any fun reading brand new books all the time, and Mary——'

'Now, Elizabeth,' interposed the governess, 'you know I told you your pa would be vexed and him with so much money and you having only to ask to get it, especially as I told you that Mary Bramlee's little cousin Charlie was supposed to have the scarlet fever before they took him home, and him such a great reader too! Of course there may be no infection but it is always best to——'

'Infection!' cried Old Curmudgeon, snatching the book from the floor and ringing the bell violently. 'Scarlet fever! Miss Upton, I wonder at you! Bessie, I am surprised. (Here, Thomas, take this book and burn it immediately.) Never again let me hear of you reading a borrowed book. Such carelessness, Miss Upton, is reprehensible. Bessie, go and change your dress immediately and wash your hands. Then, if you have stopped crying, you will find me in the hall ready for our usual drive,' and leaving Bessie in tears and the governess properly frightened, Old Curmudgeon stamped out of the room.

Every trace of ill-humor had vanished, however, when fifteen minutes later Bessie appeared, her bright eyes all the brighter for the few and unaccustomed tears, and few men felt prouder than Old Curmudgeon as the spirited horses dashed away and Bessie clapped her pretty hands and cried 'Go faster.' But the morning conversation had not quite faded from his mind.

'Bessie, do you know a Bible verse about "the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away"?'

'I don't know many Bible verses,' said Bessie indifferently. 'You said I needn't learn them unless I liked, and I don't like, generally. But I do happen to know that one, because it was in this morning's reading and Miss Upton remarked upon it. It is from Job.'

'What a memory you have, Bess,' cried her father; 'seems to me I recollect something about Job myself. So it was him that said that verse, was it? Well, what was it that the Lord gave and took away again?'

'His money first,' said Bessie, proud of her complimented memory, 'and then some of his children—he had seven sons and seven daughters.'

'Well, if he were so poor perhaps he could spare some.'

'Oh, no, he couldn't; and now that I remember they were all taken away—all the fourteen.'

'That's right, I remember that,' said Old Curmudgeon; 'he had a hard time of it, that man. But didn't he get fourteen other children to make up, afterward?'

'They weren't the same children, though,' said Bessie.

'Better, perhaps. But didn't he have some very disagreeable friends who kept telling him how wicked he had been?'

'There are people just like that now,' replied Bessie, wisely. 'I overheard Mr. Edwards say to Mr. Cowan that it would serve you right if something happened to me, you set so much store by me. He said it would be a judgment. Mr. Wood said that God didn't work in that way now, and Mr. Cowan laughed and asked him where he got his information. It wasn't a very nice thing to say, was it?'

'Oh, that Cowan always was a curious chap,' said her father carelessly; 'as for Edwards, he is afraid that if I keep on there won't be much chance for Miss Edwards when you come out. He's a mean fellow, anyway. So he thinks it would serve me right, does he? Well!'

'Father,' asked Bessie suddenly, in a more serious tone, 'what is buried money?'

'Buried money?—oh, a gold mine, I suppose.'

'Do they have to roll away stones to get to gold mines?'

'Yes, dear, a good many of them.'

'Well, then, our minister expects to find a gold mine to pay the church debt.'

'What nonsense, Bess.'

'Oh, yes, he does,' said Bessie, 'I heard him say so. He was talking about his Easter sermon to Mr. Wood, and he told him he intended to preach on "Two aspects of the Resurrection." Mr. Wood sighed and said that he wished they could resurrect some money. The minister sighed too, and said he wished it also; 'there's enough of it buried,' he said, 'perhaps we will.' But Mr. Wood shook his head and said he had no hope of it. Then the minister brightened up and said that the disciples had no hope either, and that while they were wondering who would roll away the stone it was rolled away for them. Who rolled it away, father?'

'The angel, child; the angel,' replied Old Curmudgeon, a thoughtful look upon his face. 'How you bring it all back to me. It's a beautiful story, and it's a long time since I heard it. But the minister did not mean a gold mine. Bess, he meant money that is lying useless; put away, you know; not changing hands, so to speak. What do you say if we go to hear that Easter sermon?'

'I don't care,' said Bessie indifferently. 'But we'd better turn now, father—the wind feels cold and my throat is a little sore.'

'A sore throat! why didn't you tell me before, child?' asked Old Curmudgeon, turning his horses sharply; 'we had better see the doctor about that. I am always afraid of your chest, you know.'

'Oh, it isn't my chest, it's only my throat and head; a touch of fever, I think.'

It soon transpired that the doctor thought so too, and before many minutes had passed Bessie, with flushed cheeks and bright eyes, was driven swiftly back to home and bed. Before long, also, an ominous placard on Curmudgeon Place announced to all the frightened mothers on the street a case of scarlet fever.

'A very light attack,' said the doctor, 'but the disease must take its course, my dear sir.'

The fever did take its course, and a long and weary course it proved to be. Old Curmudgeon grew white and haggard as the days crept by. He lost his nerve, his self-confidence, his cheeriness. His sad face haunted the sickroom until the nurse was obliged to exclude him altogether. He spoke in a whisper and went about on the tips of his toes, but he never once thought of any real danger.

(To be continued.)

Nellie's Dream of Easter Eggs.

(Our 'Little Dots.')

'Where do they come from?' asked Nellie.

'Oh, it is time you were asleep,' said Nurse. 'What are you talking about?'

'Easter eggs, of course—all blue and red and yellow, you know. Where do they come from?'

'You will find out one of these days,' said Nurse. 'Now go to sleep.'

Nellie closed her eyes, but soon she seemed to be very wide awake, for she found herself in the cave at the foot of the hill behind their own garden. Nellie had been running up and down this hill all the afternoon, and it was very strange to find herself in the cave again.

Stranger still, there sat an old man boiling eggs and handing them to another man, who quickly painted them all sorts of colors. Strangest of all, her own bunny was just taking away a basket full of them, and while Nellie waited he came back with his basket empty to take away some more!

'Now, I know where the Easter eggs come from, Nurse,' said Nellie next morning. 'I saw them making them last night, and my bunny takes them out to people.'

But Nurse only smiled, and said she must have been dreaming.

Myrtle's Easter.

(By Mrs. A. E. C. Maskell, in 'The Christian Work and Evangelist.')

It was Saturday, and they were getting ready for Easter at the great brown house on the corner. Beautiful lilies, carnations, roses and pansies in full bloom were being carried into the parlors. A pale, sweet face with brown eyes, in a two-story brick across the way, was watching the preparations, as much as she could see of them, with great interest.

After watching them for a while, she said: 'Mamma, I think those folks over there are going to have the nicest Easter in Camden, don't you?'

Her mother looked up from the finishing touches she was putting on a pretty new Easter dress, and said: 'I do not know, my child. I think the nicest Easter will be for those who do the most for Jesus.'

'Why don't people make presents on Easter like they do on Christmas?' was the next question.

'It is becoming quite a custom to make presents of flowers and fancy eggs. I heard our Rob say he has several dollars saved with which to purchase Easter presents.'

'Mamma, isn't it a shame I had to go and get sick when there is my bank with ever so much money in it?' I won't get to go to church to-morrow, either, and hear the sweet music and see all the pretty flowers. I think I'll have just the most miserable Easter of anybody, don't you?' and two tears rolled down the pale cheeks.

'What? Worse than the poor sick children away down town in those old rickety houses, with no eggs, or flowers or anything nice?'

'O, mamma, I wish I could help some of those poor children have a nice Easter,' said the little girl, wistfully.

'You can darling, if you have a bank most full of money. You can buy some pretty flowers and fresh eggs and send to the sick children this evening by Rob. He knows where several of them live.'

'I will, mamma. Hand me my bank, please,' and soon the little fingers were busy counting over dimes, nickles and pennies.

Rob invested every cent of it in flowers and fresh eggs, and little Myrtle with her own hands, placed a half dozen eggs, a plant in bloom, or a bouquet, in tiny baskets, and sent them out to the poor.

Myrtle didn't get to go to church the next day, for she had been sick for a long time, and could scarcely walk—but she sat at the front window with a bunch of violets pinned on the bosom of her pink woollen wrapper, and watched the people come and go to church.

The people from the large house

on the corner came out, dressed in all their Spring magnificence, and there were two little girls among them, but they didn't look so very happy, Myrtle thought, and she saw one of the little girls snatch something away from the other and then run on and leave her.

'I guess, mamma, it is because they haven't tried to make some one happy,' said little Myrtle.

That evening at supper, Rob sat down between his two little sisters, one in the pink wrapper and the other in her handsome new Easter dress, and putting an arm around each, and drawing both close up to him, he said, 'I wonder which one of my little sisters is the happier to-day?'

'Why, me, of course,' quickly spoke up Rose, 'for poor Myrtle has been sick, couldn't have a new Easter hat and dress and go to church to hear the music. Oh! it was grand,' and Rose clasped her hands ecstatically.

'But Myrtle ought to be the happiest little girl in the world,' said Rob, with beaming eyes, 'for she has not only brightened several homes, but saved a life as well.'

'O-o-o!' gasped Myrtle. 'Do tell us what you mean.'

'I met a man on the streets as I was coming home from Sunday-school and he grasped me by both hands and poured upon me the most extravagant praise.

'The doctor had given his boy up,' he said, 'and he wasn't able to buy flowers and such things as his son was always craving, but when the little basket of eggs and flowers came into the room, his eyes brightened and he let his weak little hands wander all over them for a moment, then he surprised them all by saying: 'Cook me an egg, please,' and his mother made him a bit of milk toast, and gave him the soft boiled egg, and he ate and was refreshed and sank into a sweet sleep. When the doctor came in, he said: "The little girl who sent the Easter present has saved his life. It was awakening him to new interests and giving him stronger desires for life."'

But Myrtle now had both arms around her brother's neck, and with her face buried in his coat collar was sobbing aloud.

'Why-e-e, Myrtle Stevens, I should think you would be glad,' said her little sister.

'I guess I am crying for joy,' said Myrtle, lifting up a smiling face through shining tears. 'I didn't know God would let one of my presents be such a blessing as that. Why, mamma, I believe I have had the happiest Easter of anybody, don't you?'

'God always rewards those who try to do good.' said her mamma, softly.

'Yes, indeed,' said Rob. 'It would have done your heart good, Myrtle, to have seen how the sick ones stretched out their thin fingers for the flowers and smiled at the nest full of eggs. Better than all the Easter frocks in the world. If everyone would take as much pains to make poor people have a happy Easter, they would have happier ones themselves. God blesses us, indeed, when we try to bless others.'

Eastertide.

At Eastertide, with rare delight,
We find in quiet places
Wild violets, shy, sweet, blue and white,
With upturned, fairy faces;
And as their dainty chins they lift,
Content amid green mosses,
The lesson in this heaven-sent gift—
Rise ye above earth's crosses.

—Annie A. Preston.

[For the 'Messenger' by one of our Younger Readers.

The Wakeful Princess.

(By K. C. Evans.)

On the way he met a fox. Carl raised his rifle to shoot him, 'for,' thought he, 'I can roast him for dinner.'

'Pray, little Carl, do not shoot me for I am old and tough, and will not taste nice. And if you let me live maybe I shall be of service to you some day.' 'All right,' said Carl, 'be off with you.' After he had walked a little further, he came to a brook, and sat down to fish. But when he got a fish, it had the same story to tell as the fox, so Carl let him go. By noon he had reached the Castle, and sat down to a better dinner than he could have cooked in the woods. After dinner little Carl took out his flute and played such soft melodious music that the Princess was soon asleep. The people of the court were so overjoyed that they could not thank Carl enough.

But the King felt a little jealous, so he said to Carl, 'Now you must in three days, find a very precious diamond that my father lost some years ago; but if you fail, you shall lose your head.' So Carl went out in the forest searching all day, and when night came he sat on a stone and said, 'Oh dear, what shall I do? I know I can never find the diamond.' But he had hardly said the words when the fox came up carrying the diamond in his mouth. Carl was so astonished that before he could manage to speak the fox had gone. Carl got up and took the diamond to the King. 'Since you are so smart I would like you to have all the water out of the brook that runs at the foot of the garden,' was the greeting he got from the King. Carl took a pail and started to bail out the water when the fish came and said, 'Do not trouble yourself little Carl, the brook will be emptied by morning.' Carl went to his bed and in the morning the brook was empty. When the King saw it he was overjoyed and said, 'Just one more thing, if you can catch the wild boar that haunts my forest, I will willingly give you my daughter.' For, thought the King, if he can do that, he is worthy of my daughter. When night came Carl took his flute and went into the forest. By-and-by the boar came rushing up, but the minute Carl played on his flute, it became as quiet as a lamb, and Carl led it home by a string. When the King saw this, he said, 'This is a wonderful man.' So Carl was married to the Princess, received half of the King's kingdom, and the Princess and he lived happy ever after.

THE END.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each.

The People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine Doctor. This book gives a description of the diseases of the Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine, with exact doses of medicine. Usually sold at $1.00, will be given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger, at 40 cents each.

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BAGSTER'S LONG PRIMER BIBLE — A handsome Bible, gilt edges, with the addition of 307 pages, containing the following Valuable Bible Helps, Concordance, Alphabetical Index, Maps, and Illustrations, with other aids to Bible study. Given to 'Messenger' subscribers for thirteen new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each or ten new subscriptions at 40 cents each.

PICTORIAL TESTAMENT—A handsome pictorial New Testament just published, neatly bound in leather, gilt edge. Given for four new subscriptions to 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, or six renewals at forty cents each.

LESSON V.—APRIL 30.

Jesus Washing the Disciples' Feet.

John xiii., 1-14.

Golden Text.

By love serve one another. Gal. v., 13.
Commit verses 12, 13.

Home Readings.

Monday, April 24.—John xiii., 1-14.
Tuesday, April 25.—John xiii., 15-26.
Wednesday, April 26.—John xiii., 27-37.
Thursday, April 27.—Gal. v., 6-16.
Friday, April 28.—Matt. xviii., 1-10.
Saturday, April 29.—Matt. xx., 20-28.
Sunday, April 30.—Col. iii., 1-15.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

The sadness of the Last Supper has been emphasized out of proportion. Jesus as host would certainly not allow the occasion to wholly lose its festive character. The room was spacious. The walls had been freshly whitened and its tile flour scoured. The low, gaily painted table was in position, with the couches, forming three sides of a hollow square about it. Dishes, basins and water-jars were all in position. It was a goodly scene the well-trimmed lamps shone down upon. The fresh turbans of blue, crimson, and yellow; the animated faces, the table covered with damask and well supplied—all made a study for a painter.

The presence of Judas was one ugly spot on this feast of love. Jesus, without explicitly designating the traitor, announced that one of the twelve would betray him. He did this for their sakes, that they might know he was perfectly aware of his impending fate, and not taken by surprise. He did it for Judas's sake also. It was the last appeal to the traitor. He gave Judas a prominent place at the table, and gave him his portion lovingly with his own hand. He let him know, however, that he read his wicked heart, and only when it was clearly of no avail, he bade him do quickly his wicked deed.

The other blot upon the otherwise fascinating picture was the unseemly dispute as to precedence at table. The disciples scrambled for the most eligible places. It was in part to rebuke this that Jesus acted a significant parable before them. He performed the most menial task of the scullery drudge, one that with their Oriental ideas they would hardly have performed for the Master himself. Peter's strong protest indicates the depth of the apparent degradation. But Jesus, with full consciousness of his origin and destiny, could still do this lowly service. Etiquette of court could neither make nor unmake this King of men who came from God and went to God. There must be an end of caste, of place, and precedence, when the Lord and Master washes the disciples' feet. Henceforth they must cherish such a feeling toward one another as would make them willing to perform a service as lowly as that of washing the feet of another.

Jesus, by his own interpretation of his acted parable, leads to a more subtle and universal meaning than that which appears upon the surface. He teaches humility and the spirit of service, but he teaches more than that. To Peter, the protester, he affirmed that there was a washing (theologically, the washing of regeneration) without which a man continued an alien and stranger, having no part nor lot in the kingdom. Peter grasps the symbolical meaning at once, when he cries, 'Not my feet only, but hands and head.' Peter's extravagance gives Jesus another opportunity for subtle, but practical, discrimination. It is as if Jesus had said, 'One who has had a bath doth not need to bathe again to be rid of the dirt that adheres to the feet on walking from the bath to the table. Washing the feet is sufficient. So one who has had the washing of regeneration does not need to have it repeated in order to be cleansed from fresh guilt. Daily forgiveness for daily trespasses is sufficient.'

LIGHTS ON THE LESSON.

The upper room, where the Last Supper was eaten, probably belonged to some well-to-do disciple. [John Mark's father(?)] It may have been the scene of the appearance of Jesus after his resurrection and of the Pentecostal effusion of the Spirit. If so, it was the very cradle of the infant Church.

The anachronism of Leonardo de Vinci's lovely fresco of the Last Supper is curious. He represents Jesus and the disciples sitting in Occidental style at a very modern extension table. They did not sit at all, but reclined on couches. It was this reclining that made it natural for John to lay his head in Jesus' bosom, and for Peter and John to hold their whispered conversation without Judas observing them, and finally for Jesus to wash the disciples' feet, as they would extend over the edge of the couch and away from the table.

This action of Jesus is not a mere accident or incident. It exhibits the fundamental principle, the very animating spirit of his life and mission. He became a servant. We must understand this action and imitate it, or we have no part with him.

Feet-washing can never rise to a sacramental dignity. The literal act is a caricature in which the spirit is lost. The Lord's commandment to wash one another's feet is only another putting of his new commandment of love. Love is humility. Love delights to serve the necessities as well of the body as of the soul.

The foot-washing parable signifies that it is Jesus who does the washing. It also teaches that those who have received his washing will need constant renewal to be rid of the soil of daily life, although this no way depreciates the virtue of the original washing. Finally, persons who have been so renewed are furnished to be helpful to others.

Some one criticises the evangelist for giving Satan a place in his narrative. But he could not avoid it. God's work and the devil's were parallel in human life. The Berlen Bibel very quaintly says: 'Christ prepares himself. Satan prepares himself. Hence the text appears here abruptly torn asunder. Yet there is deep harmony. The style it thus intersected to show that Christ has such a tangled way to pierce through, and that his disciples must in like manner follow Him.'

Jesus' devotion to his disciples is superb. Naturally he would have been absorbed with his own approaching sufferings, and his attention diverted from his followers. But his self-oblivion was complete. Under shadow of his cross he did not forget 'his own.' 'He loved them to the [his] end.'

The inutility and importance of mere ceremony or sacrament is evidenced by the fact that Judas, with the others, had his feet washed. The traitor had not been benefited an iota by this service, even though it was rendered by the Lord's own hands. As a man's heart is, so is he, sacrament or no sacrament.

NOTES FROM THE COMMENTARIES.

John saw into the heart of Jesus, and therefore wrote verses 1-3.—Stier. Jesus knew: Consciousness of his might, victory and glorification fills his Spirit.—Ibid. Predicating in sublime words a sublime event.—Ibid. Supper being ended: Rather when supper arrived.—Ibid. Devil put into heart: Judas formed this plot six days before, on the occasion of what happened at Simon's house.—Clark. Knowing that the Father: An unclouded perception of his relation to the Father: The commission he held from him, and his approaching return to him possessed his soul.—J. F. B. Dangerous ambitions were to be restrained by a remarkable example of what he had often affirmed, that true greatness consisted in humility and service of others.—Clark. His garments: Outer, which would have impeded operation.—J. F. B. Towel and girded: Assuming a servant's dress.—Ibid. Lord, dost thou: Profound and beautiful astonishment.—Ibid. That which others probably thought before him, he speaks out plainly.—Stier. Never: Through false and self-willed reverence and voluntary humility he sinks into opposition and refusal.—Ibid. No part with me: Peter could not submit to the Master serving his servants. But the Master's saving work was a series of such services, ending in one transcendent service. If Peter could not let the Master do the lesser he could not do the greater.—J. F. B. Not my feet only. Sense of his impurity rose to dictate these words to Peter.—Bengel. Consciousness of sin awakened.—Tholuck. The words of Peter enter into the impersonal and universal meaning of the Lord's words.—Baumgarten Crucius. He that is washed: In this thorough sense, to express which the word is changed to one meaning to wash as in a bath; to be so washed is to be clean ever whit or as a whole.—J. F. B. Wash his feet: The devil lets no saint reach heaven with clean feet.—Luther. It is a muddy world through which we have to pass.—Anon. As soon as the heart prays for the feet they are washed.—Zinzendorf. An example: Ye must act in like manner; be mutually serviceable.—Stier.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, April 30.—Topic—Prayer for missions, at home and abroad. I. Tim. ii., 1-8.

Junior C. E. Topic.

ABOUT GRUMBLING.

Monday, April 24.—Complaining to Moses. Ex. xiv., 11-14.

Tuesday, April 25.—Complaining of thirst. Ex. xv., 23-27.

Wednesday, April 26.—Murmuring in the wilderness. Ex. xvi., 2-8.

Thursday, April 27.—Neither murmur ye. I. Cor. x., 10.

Friday, April 28.—Without murmuring. Phil. ii., 14, 15.

Saturday, April 29.—Be ye thankful. Col. iii., 14, 15.

Sunday, April 30.—Topic—What God thinks about grumbling. Num. xi., 1-10.

Mastering the Lesson.

Would you like to open and exhibit for sale a box of goods which a stranger had packed? Don't try to unfold a lesson which some one else has folded and handed to you. When a boy, in my father's store, I spent many an hour taking goods out of the original package and folding them upon boards, in order that the marks of the folds might be taken out and that they might be more readily handled. Unfold the lesson to yourself and fold it anew that you may the more readily handle it before the class. Prayerful thought will perform this. Newton said: 'How do I think? Well, I do not know. I take a subject, and I hold it before my mind, and I turn it over and over, and after a while it opens. That is all.' Let me call the attention of every thoughtful teacher to what we often look upon as the most important element in attractive public speaking—moral movement. All talking to the young must be a continuous series of word pictures. A study of the methods of the most effective speakers will reveal the fact that they paint a picture and then, before the mind becomes weary of this, rapidly paint another.—Prof. Dager.

Another 'Don't.'

(The Rev. A. Y. Haist, in the 'Evangelical S.S. Teacher.')

'Don't expect too much.'—That is, don't expect too much from your class. Study the individual qualifications of your class, and then train and lead them along. Make each individual a separate study and act accordingly. This is the first lesson to be mastered, and often proves a trying problem, but once you have mastered it you will know just what to expect and also know what tactics to apply.

Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

Any subscriber to the 'Messenger' can secure this book by sending four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each, or six renewal subscriptions at forty cents each.

What Would You Do?

(Beresford Adams, in 'National Advocate.')

If a fearful fire were raging, and your child in danger stood,
Would you not by eager effort do the very best you could,
So that from the fiery peril he might quickly be set free,
And within your care reposing, find a sweet security?

If a writhing, hissing serpent, reared itself erect to dart
All its fearful deadly poison at the idol of your heart,
Would you not with aim unerring, strike the monster to the ground,
And with thankfulness, devoutly throw your arms your child around?

If wild beasts the safety threatened of your happy girls and boys,
Coming down upon them swiftly, 'mid their happy games and toys,
Would you not put forth great effort, so that you might drive away
All that threatened danger to them, whether found at work or play?

But far worse than fire or serpent, or the wild beast from its lair
Are the dangers which the children have to meet with everywhere.
Alcohol, a deadly poison, lurks in ambush to destroy,
And we sound the note of warning now, to every girl and boy.

Liquors which are alcoholic, from them all they must abstain,
Or they may be overtaken, and eventually be slain.
They who would be safe and happy, must from liquors keep away;
They may then have perfect freedom from the drink fiend's awful sway.

Daniel Bond's Problem.

(Thomas French, in 'Temperance Record.')

A great many in the audience considered this a most difficult question to answer, and few supposed it possible for a working blacksmith to do anything with it, and it must be confessed that Daniel felt greatly bothered, but he was not the man to shirk it.

'The gentleman has been drinking for thirty years and never once been drunk. That is something to be thankful for, indeed. But where are those now who years ago drank with him? Did no young man of them become a drunkard, and consequently a sorrow and disgrace to his family? Did no young woman become, what is the greatest trial to any man of God's earth, a drunken wife? A man should look back upon the companions of his youth before speaking with such confidence. No man lives to himself alone.'

To the astonishment of Daniel the great farmer turned pale and fell back in his seat as if stricken by some unseen blow. From the whisperings that took place it was evident that something had occurred of which Daniel had no suspicion. Notwithstanding the words of the farmer a large number accepted the invitation given and came forward to sign the pledge.

At the close of the meeting Mr. Baxter called Daniel aside, and speaking rather abruptly, said:—

'I want you to come home with me to-night.'

'I can't, sir,' said Daniel, not liking the idea of being carried off by the enemy.

'But how are you going home?'

'Walk, of course, I have a companion with me.'

'You will greatly oblige me if you will come, for I have something to say to you, and we have plenty of room at the Grange for both you and your companion.'

Daniel had not told his wife that he would be home for certain that night, and being rather curious to know what the farmer had to say, he consented to go. The farmer drove a comfortable four-wheel, and asking Daniel to sit up with him in front he asked the companion to take the 'hind seat. They drove on in silence for some minutes, the farmer ever and anon heaving a deep sigh as if in great trouble. After a while he broke the silence.

'Do you know, Mr. Bond, you wounded me very deeply this evening?'

'How so, Mr. Baxter?' he asked in astonishment.

'It was when you spoke of my wife.'

'I didn't even know you were married, Mr. Baxter,' was the reply.

'No? Did no one speak to you about her before the meeting?' the farmed asked.

'No one, sir.'

'Then let me tell you,' said the farmer, 'that you hit me in a very tender spot. My wife is a drunkard, and the people know it. I thought someone must have mentioned it to you before the meeting.'

'I am deeply sorry for you.'

'That is the reason I was so anxious for you to come home with me. I want you to get her name to that pledge of yours. If you could only do that my home which is now a hell would be like a heaven. God help me! for I feel as if I couldn't bear it much longer,' and the farmer in anguish drew his whip across the horse.

They drove on in silence a little longer, when Daniel spoke somewhat hesitatingly—

'Pardon me, sir, but feeling as you do, I cannot understand your strong prejudice against teetotalism.'

'Very likely,' was the reply. 'I don't understand it myself; perhaps it is madness, but I hate the teetotalers. Every man among them seems to look upon me as if I were no better than a drunkard; every woman among them poses as a "superior creature," looking with pity at me and with scorn at my wife. If you could but help me!'

'I will do what I can, sir; it is, however, useless for me to attempt to secure your wife's pledge but on certain conditions,' and Daniel spoke very kindly but firmly.

'I know what you mean,' the farmer said, sharply. 'You want me to sign the pledge first.'

'That is so; you need not talk to her about the matter.'

'But why should I sign, who was never drunk in my life? Besides, I can't give up my drop of beer; I should soon be dead without it.'

'No fear; anyhow, you could try; and it seems to me that, considering the object in view, the trial is worth making.'

'Well, I'll say nothing more until I have slept over it.'

They soon afterwards arrived at the Grange, where they found supper laid, Mrs. Baxter having retired an hour or two before. The farmer sent the beer away from the table and drank coffee, and as far as Daniel could see went to bed without intoxicating liquor of any kind. The next morning he asked Daniel for his pledge-book and quietly signed his own name, saying, as he did so: 'The Lord help me to keep it!'

He then grasped Daniel's hand.

'Now, Mr. Bond, you can get about your work as soon as you like, and in the best way you can. I leave you a clear field.' And having shortly afterwards introduced him to his wife, left him, to attend to business about the farm.

Daniel soon found that he had set before him a task the most difficult ever given him in his life. He had to talk to a lady, educated, amiable, once handsome but a drunkard bearing marks of the leprosy in her face although now quite sober. He tacked about for some time before approaching the subject; he talked of the weather, crops, cattle and about shoeing horses.

'You are a shoeing-smith I understand?'

'Yes, madam.'

'Dear me, how interesting!'

He then spoke of his teetotalism, how his health, happiness, and usefulness had been increased thereby.

'I am quite sure that must have been the case, Mr. Bond, and we ought all to feel deeply grateful to you for so earnestly taking up the question.'

He then spoke of the Temperance meeting in the Tabernacle school on the previous night.

'I am so glad you held a meeting there, for it is greatly needed.'

He wound up by informing her that Mr. Baxter had that morning signed the pledge, and he produced the pledge-book with his name inserted.

'Indeed! I am delighted to hear it! Do you know, Mr. Bond, I have been exceedingly anxious about my husband. I have never known him intoxicated, but I am in constant fear lest he should be overtaken. I should only be too glad if never another drop of strong drink could be brought into the house.'

'Well, madam, suppose you put your name under that of your husband, it would give him the greatest pleasure and be so helpful to him.'

'It would be useless for me to sign, my dear sir. Mr. Baxter needs no such help, for he only has to make up his mind to a thing, and the thing is done. Moreover, I don't approve of women signing, it suggests the possibility of their taking too much, and the very thought of such a thing is horrible to me.'

Daniel Bond reported the result of his interview to the farmer, expressing the hope that notwithstanding her refusal to sign the pledge she would drink no more, and unite with him in the maintenance of a true Temperance household.

The farmer shook his head, saying:

'Well, we can but do our best. Come with me, Mr. Bond,' and he led him down a long passage into the cellar, then opening a large bin he proceeded to take out sundry bottles of wines and spirits. 'Now help me to empty the contents of these bottles down that sink, which we will thoroughly swill away with the barrel of beer and two hogsheads of cider. That will be cutting off the supply in one direction, at least.'

This was done, and the affair became the talk of the neighborhood for weeks and for months. Throwing himself into the Temperance movement with earnestness as great as that with which he had before opposed it, he became one of the most useful and popular men in the neighborhood. But, alas, his difficulties did not end in the cellar, for just then the Grocers' Act had come into operation, and in every town and large village grocers became the agents of great wine and spirit firms. The means used by the inebriate wife to secretly supply herself with liquor were thereby greatly facilitated, and the means used by the watchful husband to circumvent the attempts made, together with his failures and disappointments, would fill a volume; but the patient love of the husband backed by the influence of his faithful friend, Daniel Bond, triumphed at last, and the Grange became a true Temperance home and the centre of usefulness in a wide circle.

THE END.

It May Be Your Boy.

Dr. Cortland Myers, of Brooklyn, relates the following story, as told by a ship's surgeon:

On our last trip a boy fell overboard from the deck. I didn't know who he was, and the crew hastened out to save him. They brought him on board the ship, took off his outer garments, turned him over a few times, and worked his hands and his feet. When they had done all they knew how to do, I came up to be of assistance, and they said he was dead and beyond help. I turned away as I said to them, 'I think you've done all you could;' but just then a sudden impulse told me I ought to go over and see what I could do. I went over and looked down into the boy's face and discovered that it was my own boy. Well, you may believe I didn't think the last thing had been done. I pulled off my coat and bent over that boy.; I blew in his nostrils and then breathed into his mouth; I turned him over and over, and simply begged God to bring him back to life, and for four long hours I worked, until just at sunset I began to see the least flutter of breath that told me he lived. Oh, I will never see another boy drown without taking off my coat in the first instance and going to him and trying to save him as if I knew he were my own boy.

Correspondence

AN EASTER GREETING.

Dear Boys and Girls,—A Very Happy Easter to you. This is the day of lilies and a day of holy happiness, because, as you all know, it celebrates the fact that the dear Saviour rose from the grave to live again after He had died for us. By this we know that all His followers shall also live again after their death. So we have that hope not only for this life, but for that to come. The lilies coming up out of their dark bulbs show that life and beauty can grow from what is not beautiful, and is apparently dead. Surely if God could work this miracle in a bulb, what can He not do with any boy or girl who gives himself or herself to the Great Gardener. There is a beautiful life for all of you to live—if you haven't begun to live it yet, won't you begin to-day? Your loving friend,

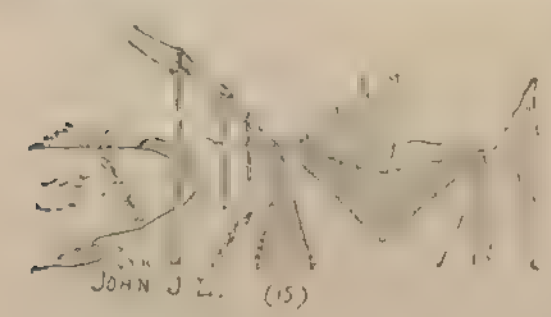
THE CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

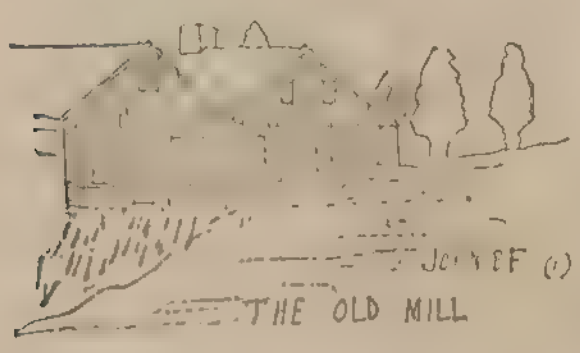
ABOUT OUR PICTURES.

The teacher of the school in Denmark, Colchester Co., N.S. sends drawings by some of her pupils, which do great credit to teacher and boys. It was, however, impossible to reproduce the soft artistic outline given in the original. We have only printed a few of the pictures for this time.

Perhaps you will remember that one of the rules is not to shade. You might be interested to know why. When we decide that a certain drawing shall go in the 'Messenger' all the lines in that picture have to be gone over with a special kind of ink before they are reproduced. The shading would only look like a blot when the picture was printed if it were put in, too. Outline drawings are what we want you to send us. Smooth paper, too, we like, because it is easier to trace over with ink.

Perhaps one of the scholars of the school mentioned above would send us a picture of the schoolhouse, with its new flag, if they are working for one, and we hope they are.—Cor. Ed.





[The above pictures are from the school at Denmark, N.S.—Ed.]

Somerset, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger,' and when I get it I turn to the Children's Page very quickly. This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I go to school. I am in the seventh grade. I am ten years old. I have three brothers and one sister. My oldest brother is in British Columbia. I have a Maltese kitten. I am sending you some of my drawings to put in the 'Messenger.' I like drawing very much.

NORA EVELYN W.

Randboro, Que.

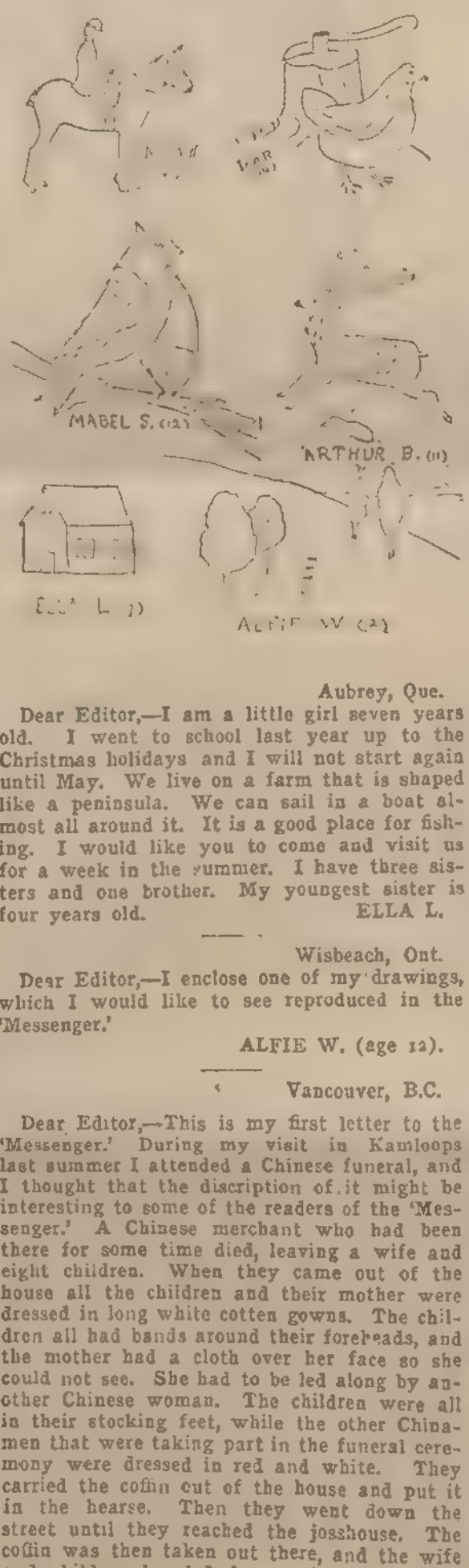
Dear Editor,—Seeing the drawings in the 'Messenger,' I thought I would give you one.

MABEL E. A. (age 12).

Bay Centre, N.D.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm of one hundred and sixty acres. We have rented our uncle's farm, which my father ploughed all the fall till the frost came, and we got about two hundred acres ploughed. We live seven miles from town. It is called Walhalla. We had fine skating towards the middle of March. I go to school in the summer. There are two schools within two miles and three-quarters of our house.

ARTHUR B. (age 11).



Aubrey, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl seven years old. I went to school last year up to the Christmas holidays and I will not start again until May. We live on a farm that is shaped like a peninsula. We can sail in a boat almost all around it. It is a good place for fishing. I would like you to come and visit us for a week in the summer. I have three sisters and one brother. My youngest sister is four years old.

ELLA L.

Wisbeach, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I enclose one of my drawings, which I would like to see reproduced in the 'Messenger.'

ALFIE W. (age 12).

Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' During my visit in Kamloops last summer I attended a Chinese funeral, and I thought that the discription of it might be interesting to some of the readers of the 'Messenger.' A Chinese merchant who had been there for some time died, leaving a wife and eight children. When they came out of the house all the children and their mother were dressed in long white cotten gowns. The children all had bands around their foreheads, and the mother had a cloth over her face so she could not see. She had to be led along by another Chinese woman. The children were all in their stocking feet, while the other Chinamen that were taking part in the funeral ceremony were dressed in red and white. They carried the coffin out of the house and put it in the hearse. Then they went down the street until they reached the josshouse. The coffin was then taken out there, and the wife and children kneeled down with their faces on the ground and started wailing. After waiting there for about an hour and a half, during which time the funeral ceremony was performed, they started for the Chinese cemetery. There was a steep, rocky road up a hill leading to it, and the children being in their stocking feet, hurt their feet so badly that most of them had to be carried. When they reached the cemetery they all got down on their knees again, and again continued their wailing. Some Chinamen took pieces of paper and scattered it all around the grave and inside of it. When they took the coffin out of the hearse the Chinese band began to play and kept on playing until they had filled in the grave. They burned all the clothes and towels that he had used, and the man that was filling in the grave had to have it done by the time that the clothes were burned. They put in food for him and tea in a teapot and poured great quantities of tea in the ground and over the coffin. There was a lot of silver and paper money in the hand of the corpse and in the coffin. They put a roasted chicken in the grave and a bowl of rice. There was also a lot of plates and cups and saucers. Each of the children and their mother had to throw a handful of earth into the grave. Then when the grave was filled in some Chinamen put a long pole with a tissue paper canopy on the top of it, and then they put a slab with the name of the merchant on it. At the bottom of the hill going down from the cemetery, a Chinaman was standing with a box full of little squares of Chinese candy and a pailful of iced water, and as each person went down he gave them a piece of candy and a drink of iced water.

EDNA E. McL. (age 12).

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We have received the following pictures.—'The Farmer's Friend,' by Mildred D. (13), Byng, Ont.; 'Enjoying Life,' by Mary G. (10), Ailsa Craig, Ont.; 'The Last Rose of Summer,' by Hattie H. (13), Lamon, Ont.; 'Sons of the Empire' by Stanley F. (16), Papineauville, Que.; 'A Yellow Rose and an Apple,' by Fernie F. (13), Ettyville, Ont.; 'The Chickens' Ride,' by Milton J. (14), Blair, Ont.; 'An Owl,' by Lorene W. (13), Delmer, Ont.; 'Tent on the Beach,' by Robert F. T. (10), Newcastle, Ont.; 'The Old Reliable Cherrie Picker,' by Bessie E. D. (14), Dalkeith, Ont.; 'A Pig,' by Harry C. (17), Blair, Ont.; 'An Owl' by Leon F. (9), Blair, Ont.; 'Strawberry,' by Agnes Edna B. (14); 'Shooting,' by Nelson A. T. (11), Reid's Mills, Ont.; 'General Wolfe,' by Roy L. (10), Woodstock, Ont.; 'A Bird,' by Ina M. D. (13), Urbania, Hants Co.; 'A Carpenter,' by Charlie E. J. (12), Leinster, Ont.; 'A Bird,' by John E. G. (11), Charlo N.B.; 'At School,' by Elizabeth V. G. (9), Charlo, N.B.; 'A Tiger,' by Grace M. (7), Corbyville, Ont.; 'A Jug,' by Clarence M. (5), Corbyville, Ont.; 'A Drummer Boy,' Bruce M. (11), Corbyville, Ont.; 'The Bird and Her Brood,' by Violet E. B. (12); 'An Acorn,' by J. E. M. (14), Upper Lachute, Que.; 'Child in the Snow,' by Selina P. (age not given), Gilmour, Ont.; 'Political Skits,' by Edwin P. (11) Halifax, N.S.; 'Landscape,' by Bower L. (13), Lion's Head, Ont.; 'The Wolf at Granny's Door,' by Lillian L. H. (12), Lakeland, Man.; 'A Cow,' by Russel L. (10), address not given; 'A Man,' by Johnnie L. (12), Bungay, P.E.I.; 'Hurrah for the Ranch' by Wilson P. (12), Port Dover, Ont.; 'An Apple,' by Bella M. D. (11), Vernon, Ont.; 'Donkey,' by Mary C. (11), Somerset, Man.

Sarah P., Banks, Ont, (age 10), received her Bagster Bible, and sends many thanks. She has read 'The Old Curiosity Shop, by Dickens; 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Esther Reed Still Speaking,' and 'The Wide, Wide World.' These books are by her favorite authors.

Clara T., Lewispont, Nfld. also sends thanks for a Bible. Some of the books she has read are as follows:—'Little Meg and the Lodger,' 'Violet's Promise,' 'Hetty's Garden Party,' and 'Lucy Bell's First Place.' In the summer she and her sisters go for trips in her father's yacht.

Don't forget what we said last week about a 'Messenger' cot in one of Dr. Grenfell's Hospitals at Labrador. You want to have one, don't you? Then send in your little gifts without delay. Amounts under fifty cents would be received in one-cent stamps, larger amounts in money orders. Gifts acknowledged in this page.—Cor. Ed.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Third Day.

(Zitella Cocke, in the Boston 'Outlook.')

'Mother, dost see the dayspring break.
The rose of dawn bursting to bloom
O'er their dim path who for love's sake,
Bear spices unto Joseph's tomb?'

'My son, a dawn shall bloom to-day,
Which shines the sad world's grief away.

'Nay, mother, hath the sun forgot
How he in wrath his face did hide,
As he from mortal eye would blot
The Cross on which my Master died?'

'A sun, never to set shall rise,
And fill the earth with glad surprise.'

'I seek His grave—fain would I stay,
Can I His beloved disciple see
That naked Cross upon the way,
Nor faint this coward heart of me?'

'That Cross, so fearsome now to thee
Henceforth the world's dear hope shall be—'
* * * * * * * *

'Hail, Mother of my risen Lord?
Aye risen, indeed, to human sight.
Fulfilling all His precious word,
Till Doubt and Fear are shamed to flight—
Joy! joy! this heart thrills to its core,
The Master's face again to see,
He lives! He lives! and gone before
His faithful flock to Galilee.
Wish is outrun, Hope is o'ersped,
Jesus is risen from the dead!'

'Ere my sweet Babe to manhood grew,
The sword which yet should pierce me through
The Powers of Hell He should subdue.
Yea, all my son, I knew, I knew!'

A Helpful May-basket.

We are not speaking now of those pretty, dainty, tissue-paper affairs with which most of our readers are more or less familiar. The particular May-basket to which our attention was called not long ago is a plain, practical market-basket, with on pretensions either to grace or beauty.

In the home where this May-basket has become an institution, the spring house-cleaning invariably brings to light a number of articles which are never seen throughout the rest of the year. For instance, a pair of half-worn shoes are taken from some closet shelf, and from some trunk are produced a child's jacket which is a good, substantial garment still, though the wearer outgrew it long ago, and a number of small frocks which would prove a real blessing to some destitute little one. At length it occurred to some one that in this world of need it was a pity to pack these things away where they could not be of use to anybody.

Then it was that the May-basket became an institution in this family. For the young folks of the household took it upon themselves to find out where half-worn clothing would be acceptable, and to see that it reached its destination. Instead of being laid away for another twelve months of seclusion, these garments were hung upon the line for an airing, and then packed into the market basket, in which they made short journeys to homes where their coming solved some troublesome questions.—'Young People's Weekly.'

An Easter Fernery.

PLANTS FROM WOODS MAKE ATTRACTIVE CENTREPIECE.

On the Easter dining table there is nothing prettier or more appropriate than a small wild fernery filled to overflowing with budding and blossoming hepaticas. They are true symbols of spring and Easter time, with their purple flowers bursting out of the little furry hoods they have hidden in all winter. The coarse leaves of last year should be clipped from the plants. The clumps of purple flowers should then be packed together as tightly as possible and banked in with a border of delicate ferns.

In localities where the hepatica does not begin to blossom by Easter the house mother should dig up the budding plants as they are in the forest and force them in a very warm, sunny window. They should be sprinkled and cared for intelligently. In a few days they will be a mass of purple bloom and in ideal condition for the Easter dining table.

The most delicate of all ferns in the early spring woods is the maidenhair spleenwort, which is ideal to group with the blue hepatica in a fernery. It is even more delicate than the maidenhair fern itself. Born of the frost and snows, it is often mistaken for the genuine maidenhair, which, however, does not make its appearance until June. Spleenwort is an evergreen, and shows itself the first thing among the rocks and snows of early spring. It grows in limestone regions, therefore it cannot be found everywhere.

Before the early ferns make their appearance in the woods with the genuine maidenhair the spleenwort has withered away. It will not appear again until the frosts of autumn and early snows tempt it into birth among the harsh lime rocks where it loves to grow.

In places where the spleenwort cannot be found other dainty ferns may be secured for Easter time. Except in warm localities these cannot be dug already grown at this season. They can, however, be brought from the woods a week or more in advance of Easter and forced into growth. There are plenty of small seedling ferns just beginning to sprout, and these can be transplanted. If kept in a warm room, where they can get plenty of sunlight, they will be large enough for the fernery by Easter time.

Hot Cross Buns.

The hot cross buns of Good Friday are descended from early English times, when the superstition existed that bread baked on this day was a specific for all ills. It was the custom for the family to dry and save buns and other breads made on Good Friday to use throughout the year, grated in water, as a remedy for various complaints. This is probably the origin of toast and water, which is a common remedy in case of slight indispositio.

It is asserted by some authorities that hot cross buns can be traced back to an ancient heathen custom of eating small sweetened cakes as a part of the worship of the 'queen of heaven.' Similar customs are to be found in ancient Mexico, Egypt, China and other countries.

To make delicious hot cross buns, use three pounds of flour, sifted thoroughly, and previously warmed for a few moments in the oven. Rub through it eight tablespoonfuls or eight ounces of butter. Add half a cupful of good yeast to a pint of warm milk and also half a pint of cream. Beat the batter very vigorously and let it rise overnight or for several hours. Then knead the dough thoroughly, adding ten ounces of sugar, or, by measure, ten heaping tablespoonfuls. Knead in half a pound of currants, half a nutmeg (grated) and half a teaspoonful of mace. When formed into a smooth dough, place where it will rise again. Within an hour of serving the buns turn the dough, which should by this time be light and delicate, out on a floured board. Cut out the buns with a good sized biscuit cutter, and place them on a well-buttered biscuit pan. Cover them closely and let them rise until they puff above the edge of the pan. Be very careful, of course, that they do not stand long enough to become sour. Just before placing them in the oven, slash each in the form of a cross. Rub the incisions with melted butter and sprinkle with sugar. Bake them in a hot oven until they acquire a rich brown crust.

If the buns are desired for breakfast, prepare them early in the afternoon and add the sugar, currants and spices late in the evening. Let them rise overnight after this second mixing, and early in the morning cut them out to rise the last time.

If they are desired for luncheon, set them late in the evening and knead them down early the next day.—American Paper.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Dressmaking.

Gowns that are to be altered should be ripped, brushed, shaken and cleansed. Do not attempt to clean the linings unless they are of silk, as it does not pay when new linings can be bought as cheaply as they are sold to-day. Black goods and the lighter woollens are easily cleaned with soap-bark. If desirable, to wash thoroughly, take a five-cent package which has been covered with a quart of cold water and simmered down to a pint. Strain and mix it with two quarts of warm, not, hot, water, which is the regular cleaning solution. Lay the cloth on the ironing-board, stripped of its cover, and with a clean, soft, scrubbing brush, scrub thoroughly with the solution, rubbing always in one direction. Rinse piece by piece as soon as cleaned; in a weaker solution of soap-bark, made by covering the dregs of the first solution with more water. The last water should be clear when the cloth is wrung out of it, if the previous cleaning has been thorough. Press as dry as possible, hang over a line until dry enough to press, and iron it on the wrong side. If there are especially bad spots, they must be attended to before the garment is washed. Grease spots may be removed with benzine or gasoline, steaming the spot first if the grease has hardened, until it is hot. Tar or paint is more difficult to deal with, but they may be removed with the following preparation, if the fabric is not of too delicate a color. Add four ounces of ammonia and the same amount of sal-soda to half pint of benzine and water mixed in equal quantities. Lay the fabric over several folds of clean cotton cloth laid on a board, and rub thoroughly with the mixture until the soot disappears. Fresh paint spots may be easily taken out with turpentine, which should be removed in turn with naphtha to prevent its making the goods stiff, and the naphtha rinsed out with water. Delicate ribbons and silks may be cleaned by rubbing in flour heated hot (not browned), then well shaken; old black thread or French laces that have become rusty may be renovated by dipping into weak green tea, and pressing between papers on a flat surface. Pick out each little scallop or point with the fingers before covering the lace with the top paper. Very fine white laces may be spread out on white paper, covered with calcined magnesia and another sheet of paper, and laid away under a heavy weight for a few days. All that is then required is the thorough shaking. All the goods and trimmings then being in readiness, the machine well cleaned and oiled, all the requisite linings, needles, pins, tapes, hooks and eyes (black and white) purchased, and the scissors sharpened, you are then ready for work.—'N. E. Farmer.'

Hints and Helps.

An orange put into the oven and baked will be found an excellent cure for bad throats, eaten just before retiring for the night.

Lampwicks must be changed often to ensure good light, as they will soon become clogged, and the oil does not pass through them freely. A clear flame will be certain if the wicks are soaked in vinegar twenty-four hours before using.

It is now claimed that rubbing the face downward while washing is the cause of many of the wrinkles on women's faces to-day, and the best remedy is to reverse the process, and always rub the face upwards.

When scouring the steele knives in use in every kitchen, if a little baking soda be mixed with the brick dust used, the spots will disappear with less rubbing, and the knives will stay bright much longer. Another thing of importance about scouring knives is the substitution of a cut raw potato for the cloth formerly used.

Another word for soda. Every housekeeper has experienced the annoyance of kerosene oil spilled on a clean kitchen floor, and knows the labor expended in eradicating the spot. If, before she attempts to scrub it off, she would sift over the spot baking soda, completely covering it, and allow the soda to remain ten minutes or so, the grease will be drawn out, and when washed the spot will not be found.

Dip the stained parts of a handkerchief in spirits of turpentine, and let it remain for several hours; then rub thoroughly between the hands, and the ink spots will disappear without changing either the color or texture of the fabric.

To give windows, mirrors, etc., that beautiful lustre so dear to the heart of every housekeeper, clean them by apply kerosene with a woollen cloth, then wipe dry with an old newspaper. This will ward off the flies to a great extent, as has been found by experience.

To curl a feather boa that has been damped with rain or dew, rub in a handful of common salt, and shake until dry before a bright fire.

To clean brass, nothing is better than the old-fashioned plan of rubbing first with a paste made of powdered bathbrick and paraffin, and then with dry powdered bathbrick. A mixture of lemon juice and powdered chalk used in the same way is also excellent, is is vinegar and salt.

A simple home remedy for a hard corn is a glycerine poultice. Saturate a little lint or cotton wool with glycerine, apply to the corn, cover with a bit of oil silk, and wrap in a bandage over night. Repeat for several successive nights, and the bulk of the corn may be readily removed.

Attractive Easter Eggs.

'Good Housekeeping' gives some attractive Easter egg directions. Names in raised letters on eggs are managed in this wise: Boil the eggs hard and write the name and an inscription, if desired, with a fine brush dipped in melted tallow. Immerse the eggs in vinegar, which will eat away the exposed portion of the shells, leaving the writing in relief. Be careful to remove the eggs before the vinegar has consumed too much of the shell.

Pretty favors for the Easter table are little hanging baskets made of egg shells filled with earth and planted with a tiny fern or vine. A kindergarten teacher in one of the free schools in a crowded quarter gave each of her children an egg shell planted with a morning glory, a sweet pea, or a nasturtium. These the children replanted and cared for, the handsomest plant receiving a prize some weeks later.

All sorts of amusing objects can be made from egg shells, to be used at children's Easter Monday parties. With a little gum, a few feathers and scraps the funniest animals, brownies, etc., are evolved. Humpty Dumpty is capable of infinite variation. A number of shells and miscellaneous materials might form the basis of a contest in which the most ingenious creation receives a prize. Several prizes, in fact, should be provided.

Selected Recipes.

Tomato Fritters.—They are appetizing made from canned tomatoes when the season is so late that fresh ones are dear. Strain one quart of tomatoes, reserving the liquor as the basis of tomato sauce for another day. Add one egg well beaten and sufficient flour (with which a scant teaspoonful of soda has been sifted) to make a batter the consistency of griddle cakes. Drop a spoonful at a time in very hot lard, and fry a delicate brown on both sides, serving immediately.

A Delicious Compound.—A delicious compound calls for a pint of rice thoroughly washed and put in a saucepan with a pint of boiled milk and a stick of cinnamon. After cooking until the milk is absorbed, remove from the stove, take out the cinnamon, and set the rice and milk aside to cool. When cold add the yolks of four eggs beaten together with an ounce of sugar. Beat the whites of six eggs to a foam. Whisk into the rice, and beat the mixture thoroughly. Pour it into a buttered dish, bake to a light brown, and serve the moment it leaves the oven.

A Delicious Supper Roll.—Mince finely to-

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1 " Onion—Yellow Globe Danvers
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gether, half a pound of lean beef-steak, and half a pound of fat bacon, and then stir in half a pound of fine bread crumbs, pepper, salt and a little spice, to season. Last of all add a well beaten egg, and a little water. Form up the mixture into a roll, tie in a floured pudding-cloth, and boil for three hours, remove from the cloth, scatter over brown bread crumbs, and serve cold, cut into thin clices, with brown bread and butter.

Listen to the Children.

We must not only be ready to talk to and advise children, but also to listen while they talk, says a writer in 'Good Housekeeping.' Give the same attention as to the most welcome guest. Often some little incident of the day related starts a conversation quite broad and impersonal, and I am amazed at the grasp and reasoning of my son, not yet six, on the whys and wherefores and right and wrongs of things. Have I not reason to hope that the talks we have now, truly, 'heart to heart,' will help him to consider and decide for the right in after years? The acts and conversation of grown persons seem oftentimes coarse and defective when judged through the eyes and ears of a child. I have to be constantly making excuses to my boy for what he sees and hears. I am trying to develop in him the power to consider the character of people, and right and wrong. Both girls and boys need this equipment.—'Michigan Christian Advocate.'

We know not what we shall be, but are sure
The spark once kindled by the eternal breath,
Goes not quite out, but somewhere doth endure
In that strange life we blindly christen death.
Somewhere he is, though where we cannot tell;
But wheresoe'er God hides him, it is well.
—Sir Lewis Morris.

A Little Music.

We have grown so critical and so fastidious, not to say so exacting, in these latter days, that one of the old-time delights is on the wane. True, there is still a piano in almost every home, not invariably in tune, or there is a mandolin, a cabinet organ, a banjo, or a violin; but if you want a little music you find it an article almost as extinct as a pre-historic species. If there is a young girl in the family who has taken piano lessons for some years, and spent hours upon hours when she might have been out of doors in the sunshine, or in the kitchen helping her mother, in tedious practicing of scales and variations, her father naturally fancies that she might occasionally play for him. In the evening, when he is tired and has his slippers on, and has finished reading the paper, or when friends come in, and he innocently wishes to display her accomplishment. But Molly always has an excuse ready, and the finer artist she is, the swifter comes her apology, and the profounder and politer is her regret. It would really seem that the most musical people are those who are least likely, so to speak, to have any music in stock. They scorn the little, simple, merry tunes, the sentimental things that clutch at the heart-strings of the unsophisticated, and the deep, solemn, beautiful, lovable music that they adore, is beyond their presentation unless they are spending their lives at the keyboard, or at exhausting study of some sort. Plain, hard-working fathers and mothers who have paid large bills for their children's musical training, wonder where the money has gone, but they seldom say much about it.

Once upon a time, when Belinda's mother was a girl, she took piano lessons. They did not cost much, and they were perhaps rather superficial. But she went through an exercise book, and proudly took pieces at the same time. 'Mocking-Bird,' and the 'Silver Chimes,' and 'Monastery Bells,' and 'Home, Sweet Home,' were among the jingling melodies she learned to play, her slender fingers flashing over the keys, the 'four and twenty black slaves,' and the 'four and twenty white,' responsive to her touch. She pounded, no doubt, and she used the pedal, and thought the muffled thunder 'fortissimo' effect singularly fine, and it was all crude and inartistic and amateurish, but it gave a lot of real homey satisfaction, of real, downright, everyday pleasure. Then, without any particular teaching, she used to sing ever so many ballads, and lyrics, and love-songs that the whole family joined in, father always contributing a deep, rumbling bass.

A little music, truly, but what a happy ending it made possible for many a weary day. Is it not just within the bounds of fancy, that a little ordinary music is better than none, and that something quite precious and quite charming has gone away from us, in this day of greater knowledge and broader culture?

We plead for a little music in the home, the kind of music that unmusical folk can understand and enjoy. If it is eluding us, let us summon it back.—'N.Y. Christian Herald.'

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Postpaid to Canada (Montreal and suburbs excepted, Newfoundland, Great Britain, United States and its Colonies, Transvaal, Barbadoes, Bermuda, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar, Hongkong, Cyprus, New Zealand, Fiji, Jamaica, Malta, Trinidad, British Guiana, Gibraltar.

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For the convenience of the remitter the following blank may be filled in and wrapped around the dollar bill.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal, ——— 1905.

Dear Sirs,—

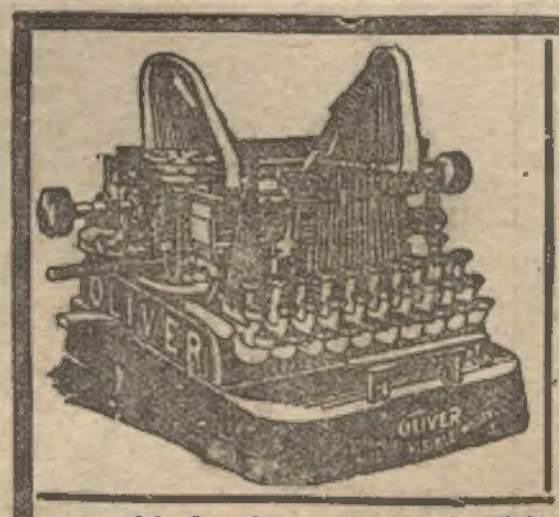
Please find enclosed the sum of one dollar, for which please send me

The Daily Witness for ——— months,
The Weekly Witness for ——— months,
World Wide for ——— months,
The Northern Messenger for ——— months,

as in your offer of Dollar values

Remitter's name .....

and address .....



THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER

FACTORY has been removed to more commodious and suitable premises.

THE OLIVER is the most largely sold typewriting machine in the world to-day.

THE OLIVER is a Canadian machine through its inventor, and its being manufactured in Canada as well as in the United States.

THE OLIVER, being manufactured in Canada, pays no duty as all other Standard machines do.

THE OLIVER is the **Standard Visible** writing machine.

The record of THE OLIVER has never been equalled.

Active and reliable agents are wanted, to whom will be given steady employment if found competent.

You should send for our SPECIAL OFFER.

CANADIAN OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY.
TEMPLE BUILDING, MONTREAL.

Home Treatment for Cancer

All forms of cancer and tumor cured by soothing, balmy oils. Doctors, lawyers and ministers endorse it. Write for free book to the home office, Dr. D. M. Bye Co., Drawer 505, Indianapolis, Ind.

EARN OVER $10 A DAY.

Agents Wanted all over the world. Experience not necessary. Ten dollars a day easily earned taking subscriptions for 'World Wide.' Write for full particulars and our hints for easy canvassing. Address the Publishers of 'World Wide,' Montreal, Canada.

Boys' Watch Free

We will give this handsome watch free to any boy for selling only one dozen of our annual comic review of the year entitled "1904 CARICATURED," at ten cents each.

The watch has a beautiful silvered nickel case, handsomely polished, a hard enamelled dial, heavy bevelled crystal, hour, minute and second hands, and reliable American movement. It will last for years with care.

There is nothing on the market that compares with "1904 CARICATURED," and it is so cheap that it sells at sight. Write for your dozen of "1904 CARICATURED" to-day. Post card will bring them by return mail.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

PENDLETON, Ont.

SIRS,—Please find enclosed $1.20 for the watch. I sold all your papers. They sold like wild fire.
FRANK J. WYLIE.

ST. LOUIS STATION, Que.

Dear Sirs,—I have received the watch for selling one dozen "1904 CARICATURED," and am delighted with it, for it is a time-keeper and not a mere toy.
W. H. BLACK.

Flags! Flags! Flags!

Remember! Our Diamond Jubilee offer of Canadian Flags may be taken up by Clubs, Societies or Individuals, as well as schools. For particular write to

'FLAG DEPARTMENT,'
JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
'Witness' Building.

FREE TO SABBATH SCHOOLS

The 'Messenger' is at once the cheapest and most interesting paper published of its kind.

The Subscription rate for Sabbath-school clubs is only Twenty Cents a year.

If your school already takes another paper, perhaps some particular class would try the 'Northern Messenger.' The 'Messenger' stories would prove a real incentive to regular attendance and would be helpful in every home the paper entered.

Our experience is that if one class gets it the whole school will order it before long. The circulation of the 'Northern Messenger' has grown with leaps and bounds, numbering to-day over sixty thousand copies a week.

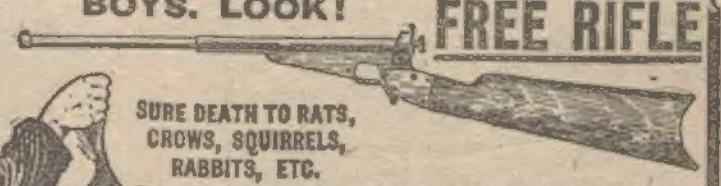
Superintendents or teachers may have it on trial for four consecutive weeks **FREE OF CHARGE**, in sufficient numbers to give a copy to each family represented.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON

WE TRUST YOU

With 2 doz. large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at 10c. each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful little Watch with Gold hands on which a large rose with buds and leaves is elegantly enamelled in seven colors. Edna Robinson, Powassan, Ont., says: "My watch is a perfect beauty." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Gracie Brown, Cheverie, N.S., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few minutes." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 414, TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

BOYS. LOOK! FREE RIFLE



SURE DEATH TO RATS, CROWS, SQUIRRELS, RABBITS, ETC.

Boys! How would you like to have an **All-Steel Long-Distance Air Rifle** of the best make and latest model, that shoots B. B. Shot, Slugs and Darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy? We are giving away **Absolutely Free** these splendid Rifles to anyone who will sell only 1½ **doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 41 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties, in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** M. Species, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Boys, this is the best Air Gun made. It has all steel barrel and fittings, improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock. Is always ready for Squirrels, Rats, Sparrows, etc. Geo. Allen, Brandon, Man., says: "I received my Rifle yesterday and think it is a beauty. I have shot 5 birds already." **Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept. 428 Toronto.

EARN THIS WATCH,

With polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and reliable American movement, by selling only 18 Glass Pens at 10c each. These wonderful Pens sell like hot cakes everywhere. They are made entirely of glass, never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. Write us to-day and we will mail the Pens postpaid. THE PEN CO. Dept. 455, Toronto.

FREE STEAM ENGINE

Makes 300 Revolutions in a minute. Easy running, swift and powerful. Strongly made of steel and brass, handsomely nickel plated. Has belt wheel, steam whistle and safety valve, iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and Russian iron burner compartments. Boys! this big, powerful Steam Engine is free to you for selling only 9 large, beautifully colored packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at **10c.** each. **Everybody buys them.** Roy Butler, Wilsonville, Ont., said: "I sold the seeds in a few minutes. People said they were fine." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Order now, as we have only a limited quantity of these special Engines on hand. Arnold Wiseman, Kirkton, Ont., said: "My Engine is a beauty and a grand premium for so little work. **PRIZE SEED CO., Dept. 415 Toronto**

GRAND FREE RIFLE OFFER TO BOYS

Shoots B.B. Shot or Darts and Kills Rats, Birds, etc., at a Distance of 50 Feet.

We have a large stock of Glass Pens which we want to clear out before spring. That is why we are making the grandest offer ever made. It is this: Any boy who will dispose of only 15 of our Glass Pens at 10c. each, we will give Free a genuine Steel Barrel Hunting or Target Rifle, latest model, all parts interchangeable, provided with pistol grip, true sights, harmless, strong, durable, shoots accurately. Boys have use for such a gun every minute—hunting in the woods, shooting at targets, drilling as soldiers. Send us your name and address to-day and we will mail you the 15 Glass Pens postpaid. You can easily sell them in 10 minutes. They are Wonderful Pens, made entirely of glass and write a page with one dip of ink. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you the Rifle just as described.

FREE GRAPHOPHONE OFFER

In order to further stimulate the sale of our Glass Pens we will as long as the stock lasts give a Graphophone and one Record Free to the first boy in every town and village who earns a Rifle. Write to-day and make sure of getting this Extra Prize. **THE PEN CO., DEPT 490 TORONTO, Ontario**

DON'T SEND US ONE CENT

We trust you with 30 of our large beautiful fast-selling packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds to sell at 10c each. Nothing easier, boys. When sold return us the money and we'll promptly send you this handsome Boy's Flag Watch, the newest thing out—made a big hit at the World's Fair. Fine expansion balance, quick train, polished hour, minute and seconds hands, reliable movement, silver nickel case or handsome 14k, gold-plated case, whichever you prefer, ornamented with the Stars and Stripes and Union Jack in colors. Everyone will say it's a beauty as soon as you take it out of your pocket. But that's not all. We're going to give a Grand Prize of a $25 Bicycle Free to the person who sells our Seeds in the shortest time. Here is a chance for a hustling boy. Write for the Seeds to-day, and we'll send them postpaid. **THE SEED SUPPLY CO., DEPARTMENT 427, TORONTO, ONT.**

"THE WATCH IS A DANDY FREE FREE FREE

And takes the shine wherever it goes." That is what Leo. C. Gavin, Metcombe, Ont., said about his watch, and we have hundreds of other letters from delighted boys who have received handsome watches for selling only 1½ doz. of our large beautiful packages of fresh **Sweet Pea Seeds**, the best in Canada, at **10c.** each. Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. Write to-day and we will send the Seeds, postpaid, for you to sell; also 1½ doz. Certificates, each worth 50c. one of which is to be given away free with each package. When sold, return money and we will immediately send you one of the handsomest watches you ever saw—with solid silver nickel case, nicely engraved edge, decorated dial, heavy bevelled crystal hour, minute and seconds hands, and reliable American movement. With care it will last **10 years.** Write to-day sure. **Seed Supply Co.,** Dept. 432 **Toronto.**

Earn a CAMERA and BICYCLE

Go for a Ride and Take Pictures of What You See.

All you have to do is to sell only 15 of our large beautiful fast-selling packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. **It won't take 10 minutes,** and for your trouble we will give you, Free, a Camera and Outfit and full instructions, so that you can learn how to take pictures and print them in a few hours. Outfit consists of 1 box Dry Plates, Hypo, Developer, Fixing Powder, etc., etc., everything necessary to make good pictures. We will also give you an opportunity to get a new model Bicycle, boy's or man's size, an up-to-date wheel that you couldn't buy in your town for less than **$25.00, Absolutely Free,** without selling any more Seeds. Remember, only 15 packages of Seeds to sell, and we guarantee to do exactly as we say. Write to-day and we will mail the Seeds, postpaid. The Seed Supply Co., Dept. **411,** Toronto, Ont

VALUABLE RING AND GOLD WATCH FREE

All we ask you to do is to sell 10 of our large beautiful fast-selling packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds, the best in the world. (Every package contains **over 60** of the rarest prettiest, most fragrant, largest flowering varieties in every imaginable color.) Sell them at 10c. each, return the money, and we will promptly send you this beautiful Ring, finished in 14k. Gold and set with large magnificent Pearls and sparkling imitation Diamonds that can hardly be told from the real stones. If you write at once for the Seeds we will give you an opportunity to get an elegant Gold-finished double Hunting Case Watch, Lady's or Gentleman's size, Free, in addition to the Ring. Address **The Prize Seed Co., Dept. 441 Toronto, Ont**

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